THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXIX. No. 983. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1950 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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February Election Odds

MR. ATTLEE, who has always preferred the role of moderator to that of leader, is generally (and probably correctly) thought to be quietly settling down to a February election, as a compromise between Sir Stafford's urgent demand for November and Mr. Ernest Bevin's breezy assurance that he could bring the Americans round by June. This at least is the obvious conclusion from the New Year's Honours List, for it is difficult to believe either that Transport House wants six by-elections or that Mr. Herbert Morrison, as Leader of the House, intends to present the very ticklish Service estimates in the absence of a Minister of Defence. Mr. Alexander's elevation surely betokens the welcome, if tardy, end to an inglorious record; but his successor can hardly be named either in the life of this Parliament or so long as Mr. Bevin is at the Foreign Office. The task of making the crucial decision on the rearmament programme must be left until after the election.

This is not to say that the Prime Minister has decided on an early appeal to the country. Like Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Attlee abhors taking an important decision. Where other, less prudent, men charge in with positive proposals for immediate action, he prefers to wait until events have settled the issue. All we can say is that events are busily at work settling it; and, unless something unforeseen occurs, an early election will soon be unavoidable. At this point the Prime Minister will discover that he has made up his mind.

Sir Stafford's predictions last November have been exactly confirmed. Parliament is dying on the Government, which has consequently lost a great deal of its authority in Whitehall, where many civil servants are hedging on the possibility of a change. Though production apparently has not been affected by the political uncertainty, the Trade Union Movement most certainly has. It is now clear enough that before the election only the merest stop-gap compromise can be achieved as a substitute for a wages policy. Instead of going to the country when he still held the initiative, as a Churchill or a Bevan would have done, the Prime Minister is allowing the First Term to die away, until the alternatives left are either a violent dose of artificial respiration or a new Parliament.

It is futile to protest at this procedure. It is entirely true to Mr. Attlee's character; and he can claim that his refusal to impose his will on events is profoundly democratic—in one sense of that word. Party organisers insist that an election in the near future—February's weather is usually worse than November's for the pedestrian voter—will gravely reduce the chance of a high poll in agricultural areas and so jeopardise a number of possible Labour victories. It is, however, also arguable that the spirits of the party will be high just after its 50th birthday celebrations; that the temper of the country as a whole is favourable as a result of a still fairly comfortable situation; and that, for the time being, devaluation will be agreeably seen in the perspective of the healthy rise in our gold reserves. Finally, if the Government waited till after the Budget, it might run into a new crisis—particularly if Congress prefers to spend money in fighting Communist China rather than in promoting European recovery.

One thing is certain. If the Labour Party is to win a workable majority at a winter election, the primary object of its campaign must be to jolt the working class out of an apathy which may otherwise produce a dangerous crop of abstentions. The lesson of New Zealand and Australia is unmistakable. After winning one election on a bold policy and, in action, justifying its domestic promises, the Labour Government cannot win a second term of office on a programme of Safety First.

Far-Eastern Fire-Eaters

Does the fire-eating of General MacArthur and other U.S. Defence Chiefs impress President Truman more than the saner voices of the State Department officials? They have learnt wisdom from the preparation of their own omnibus document on United States Relations with China, published last July. At a time when the Communist armies were clearly sweeping all before them, in November, 1948, the Head of the Joint U.S. Military Advisory Group to China, General Barr, advised the withdrawal of his Mission on the grounds that nothing short of "all-out United States military assistance, including employment of United States Forces, which I certainly do not recommend," could be effective in helping Chiang Kai-shek. This same dilemma faces President Truman to-day when General MacArthur, Mr. Hoover, and flag-waving Republicans advise him to use American naval power, if necessary, to safeguard Formosa,

the Pescadores and possibly Hainan Island.

The first step in this policy is the reinforcement of the American fleet in the Western Pacific, and the sending of military and civilian advisers to prop up Chiang Kai-shek's last refuge. Nothing could be better calculated to strengthen the revolutionary elements on the island itself, to win over the sailors to the Communist side, and to confirm Communist propaganda that America is preparing a war of intervention against the new People's Democracy. The Communists have included Formosa among their targets for 1950. General MacArthur's plan to occupy it first will be regarded as policy only short of undeclared war. It is to be hoped that the forthcoming Conference in Colombo will result in a wiser policy of recognising the Chinese Communists.

Backing for Bao Dai?

The American Joint Chiefs of Staff, General MacArthur, and all those who advocate an aggressive policy in Asia will welcome the Conventions signed in Saigon last week by M. Pignon, French High Commissioner in Indo-China, and Bao Dai, to whom the French have transferred the power which they do not themselves possess. President Auriol's message to Bao Dai expressed the hope that peace would come to Viet Nam within a few months, and observed that this peace depended on the Vietnamese people themselves. But with the presence of 120,000 French troops in the country, and with the hope entertained by Bao Dai that American aid may be forthcoming, the chances of peace may be said to have diminished. Indeed, violent fighting has already broken out in Tongking, which is interpreted as President Ho Chi Minh's promised offensive. American military and economic aid to Bao Dai, as previously in the case of Chiang Kai-shek, can only have the effect of strengthening the determination of Ho Chi Minh, and the large majority of the people who support him, to renew their struggle for independence.

The position in this sector of the "cold war" front is complicated by the withdrawal of about 30,000 Kuomintang forces into Indo-China. Tension already exists on this frontier, where it is believed that an agreement exists between Bao Dai, the French and Pai Chung-Hsi to use these troops, disguised as a "Viet-Nam Volunteer Army," either for operations in China or against Ho Chi Minh. The Communists maintain that French planes recently flew over Chinese territory, ostensibly to rescue the remnants of French troops there. Foreign Minister Chou En-lai has already complained that the French have violated Chinese territory. All in all, President Auriol's hopes seem unlikely to be fulfilled.

Dangerous Talk in India

The failure of the Uno Commission to persuade India and Pakistan to agree to any compromise over Kashmir has naturally given the extremists on both sides the opportunity they want. The first steps are in the direction of economic war, for which Pakistan's proud refusal to devalue paved the way. India has suspended coal supplies to Pakistan. Pakistan is making difficulties about delivering raw jute to India. Across the frontier newspapers on both sides are now uttering threats. Pakistan proposes to stop rail traffic carrying goods from Assam, and petrol supplies through Pakistan are no longer permitted to reach East Punjab. In the Indian press, there is talk of cutting off canal water and electric power from the West Punjab.

These mutually suicidal measures are discussed with all the relish that politicians and journalists, in Asia and the West alike, display at the prospect of making common people endure further misery for national ends. At the same time, political extremism goes from bad to worse. Since the murder of Gandhi, the Hindu Mahasabha have generally been restrained in their utterances; now, from Calcutta, it is reported that some are even talking of taking steps to restore seceded areas as an integral part of India—a threat, or prophecy, at once repudiated by Pandit Nehru. In brief, the murderers of the Mahatma, whom they hated for agreeing to partition and for being tender to the Moslems, now envisage war against Pakistan. This is exactly what the Pakistan extremists have always declared was India's real intention, merely disguised by the internationalism of Pandit Nehru. The retort of Pakistan's extremists is that they will resist, aided if necessary by the U.S.S.R. How far all this madness will go, none can say. At the moment some restraint is imposed by the continued efforts of General McNaughton, on behalf of Uno, to negotiate a settlement. But it is unhappily beyond a doubt that something like an economic war has begun.

M. Bidault's Troubles

After six weeks of frustrating debates, and recourse to no fewer than six votes of confidence, M. Bidault has at last managed to push a Budget of sorts through the Assembly. He has had to drop several of the unpopular new taxes which were proposed; the alternative cuts in expenditure, on which the Assembly insisted, look somewhat unrealistic; and the Budget is still unbalanced by 20 million francs. Moreover, it has still to face the Council of the Republic, where opposition to new taxes is likely to be at least as strong as in the Assembly; and, in the meantime, the Government has had to adopt the old and discredited expedient of meeting its expenses by a *douzième provisoire*. So far, however, as the Budget is concerned, M. Bidault's shaky administration has just managed to weather the storm.

Its troubles, however, are by no means at an end. Its next task is to present to the Assembly its Bill for the restoration of collective bargaining. This includes a clause imposing obligatory arbitration, against which the whole trade union movement, Communist and non-Communist, is up in arms, detecting in the clause an attempt to limit the right to strike. There is also the prospect of renewed demands for another bonus addition to minimum wages. This is likely to bring to a head the fundamental cleavage, within the coalition, between the Socialists and the Radicals. The latter's Right-wing group, led today by M. Daladier, seems increasingly inclined to force a situation in which a fresh appeal to the electorate would be the only alternative to an *immobilisme* of government too paralysing to be tolerable.

The Wage Tangle

The T.U.C.'s Economic Committee has presumably been pointing out with some vigour to Sir Stafford Cripps that the wages front cannot be held much longer unless he can offer Trade Union members some further assurance that other sections of the public are not profiteering at their expense. The continuance of exceedingly high profits is one factor, even if a large part of what is left by the tax-gatherer is allocated to reserves; for the workers are well aware that these reserves, even if they cannot be distributed, are as much the owners' property as if they were. A second factor is the height of salaries, coupled with the distribution of large capital rewards to top administrators; and there is always the problem that in industry the higher salaries, not being on any standard scales, cannot be effectively controlled.

Finally, the groups working under sliding wage scales feel that it is a cheat to deprive them of their due advances which accrued, though they did not come into force, before the new policy was announced; and the railwaymen, who were actually offered—and refused—a limited advance for the lower-paid grades before their general wage application was rejected, feel they ought to be given at least what was recognised earlier as their due. Then, as against the groups which want some levelling up from the bottom, there are others, including the skilled engineers, who complain that, particularly for time-workers, the rewards for skill have been reduced below what is needed to attract the required numbers into apprentice training. They resent a situation in which the semi-skilled worker on piecework may often earn more than the craftsman whose output cannot be measured—for example, because he is on maintenance or some other oncost job and not directly producing any commodity.

National Wages Policy by the Back Door?

In these circumstances, the Trade Union world is increasingly divided. The General Council has the powerful support of the Transport and General Workers, the General and Municipal Workers, and, subject to a ballot now to be taken, the Mineworkers. On the other side are the Engineers and most of the other Unions in the metal-working trades, the N.U.R., with its new application for a basic minimum of £5 a week, the Building and the Furniture Trades, and some of the other groups working under sliding scales; while the Distributive Workers, having withdrawn their application for an all-round advance, are trying to negotiate a series of local arrangements for wage bonuses from the Co-operative Societies. The Furniture Trades Union, in its retort to the General Council, inquires, not without point, what is to become of the supposed independence of Wages Councils and of the National Arbitration Tribunal in settling cases put to them on their merits, without Government interference, if they are to be subject to a general ban on wage advances not linked to higher output. Indeed, such a ban, even if it is only informal, does

amount to a temporary suspension of the normal processes of collective bargaining and to the imposition of a form of "national wages policy"—a proposal which the Unions have hitherto rejected in any shape. Yet most of the Trade Union leaders are well aware of the sheer necessity of the policy of restraint, and eager to find a formula for it that their members can be persuaded to endorse for the time being. This they can hardly find without a *quid pro quo* from the Chancellor; and any such *quid pro quo* cannot wait till the Budget—unless the General Election is to wait too.

The Miners' Achievement

On the score of productivity, British coal miners could reasonably argue that there is a case for wage increases to the lowest-paid workers in the industry. The provisional figures of output for 1949 show that, though the top ceiling of the Government's target, 207 million tons, has not been reached, the minimum of 202 million tons has been comfortably surpassed. The outstanding feature, however, of this achievement is the fact that this production has been secured, not with a labour force of 750,000 men—the figure officially contemplated in 1948—but with barely 725,000 men on the colliery books. Even the number of face-workers fell during 1949 from 297,000 to 294,000, instead of increasing, as estimated, to 310,000. That the mines should nevertheless have produced nearly six million tons more coal than in 1948—thus permitting an increase of nearly 3 million tons in coal exports—is highly satisfactory.

Catholic Pools

It must be a coincidence that, within a few days after the joint committee of the Anglican and Free Churches had urged the Royal Commission on Lotteries, Betting and Gaming to prohibit football pools, two Roman Catholic priests were fined at Prescot for running a football pool in aid of their church funds. They had formed a "building and development society" under a trust deed, believing on legal advice (it seems) that they would thus become a "society established and conducted for purposes not connected with gaming, wagering or lotteries," and accordingly entitled under the Betting and Lotteries Act, 1934, to run "private lotteries" lawfully.. Unfortunately, participation was not confined to members of the society, and the magistrates were persuaded that it had been formed to evade the law.

It is reported that many Roman Catholic churches are running football pools, some of them bringing in £1,000 a week; the church takes perhaps 25 per cent. for its building fund and the rest, after expenses are met, goes to the "punters." As befits the courage and broad-mindedness of the Catholic church, this goes far beyond the daring with which, at church bazaars under other denominations, competitors have been invited to guess the weight of a cake or (worse) accept the arbitration of a brantub. Those citizens who have the hardihood to observe this new crisis impartially may feel it to be no bad thing that some of the wealth now sucked in by the "pools" promoters should go instead to the churches, especially if they are likely to use it in social services.

Anglo-American Discords

It is now clear that, despite the enthusiastic *communiqué* issued at their conclusion, the Washington talks did not inaugurate a new era of Anglo-American collaboration. President Truman and Mr. Acheson see clearly enough that the continued existence of the sterling area is a long-term American interest; and they sincerely, if vaguely, desire to achieve that World Fair Deal without which neither their own domestic Fair Deal nor our Socialist experiment can have any real stability. In this respect they are at least a generation ahead of Congress. But unfortunately it is Congress which has the last word, especially in an election year. In order to muster a majority on Capitol Hill for his social security and civil liberties programme, the President is being compelled to make concession after concession in the field of foreign policy; and each concession to his reactionary opponents contains a threat to Anglo-American concord.

The first of these threats is, of course, the sudden and quite unpredictable American switch on the issue of Formosa. For some time the State Department has realised both the futility of American support for the Chinese Nationalists and the value to the Western world of Britain's quite different policy in India and South-East Asia. Unable, because of Congressional opposition, himself to recognise the Chinese Communists, Mr. Acheson has quietly encouraged Britain to go ahead, and sought to achieve for the U.S.A. a period of decent obscurity in which the errors of its past handling of China could be forgotten. But, after all, the Chinese bloc in Congress, supported by the proconsular majesty of General MacArthur, has been too strong for him. Against his better judgment the President is being driven to accept commitments on Formosa, highly embarrassing in themselves, which may also prejudice the chances of an Anglo-Chinese *rapprochement*. This danger may be accentuated if, at Colombo, the new Australian and New Zealand Governments support the American line.

The second threat arises out of the British Government's decision to use the new sterling oil supplies, which are the welcome result of the huge sums we have invested since the war in our Middle Eastern oilfields, in order to reduce our £200 million annual dollar deficit on oil. Once again this British policy has been warmly approved by the State Department as an essential step towards reducing our dependence on dollar aid. But what can Mr. Acheson's approval avail against the wrath of the oil lobby which, at the sight of a threat to its export market, asks whether Marshall Aid was really intended to ruin a great American industry?

Threat number three is the old bogy of federal Western Union. We are now being asked to pay the price for the irresponsible propaganda with which Marshall Aid was originally sold to Congress. Assured that, by 1952, Western Europe would be a homogeneous trading area like the U.S.A., Congressmen are asking ever more irritably what progress is being made to this end. Trying to create the atmosphere for the 1950 Appropriations debates, Mr. Hoffman has found it necessary to promise once again that something substantial is just round the corner, though he and every statesman in Western Europe know that this is untrue. Neither a Customs Union nor convertibility are possible, so long as Britain and Scandinavia maintain planned "full employment" economies while the rest of Western Europe practices orthodox *laissez-faire*. Since Congressmen are "free enterprisers" they will blame British isolationism for this failure and cut down Marshall Aid accordingly.

Fourthly, there is the problem of Atlantic rearmament, and particularly of the treaties under which American armaments are to be made available to Western Europe. Britain cannot accept conditions for the receipt of a few dozen heavy bombers which would increase our costs and commitments instead of reducing them. Though agreement may be reached on the text of the treaty, this will not remove the substantial disagreement which underlies the dispute. Britain must either halt the rearmament to which she is pledged or reduce her social services. A decision to halt rearmament will be interpreted in the present temper of Washington as an act of disloyalty to the democratic ideal.

Lastly, there is the problem of the methods by which President Truman's Fourth Point is to be implemented. We all agree that large-scale American capital investment in backward areas is essential, yet only this week the Colonial Development Corporation has had to refuse a loan from the International Bank because the conditions of inspection attached to it were so onerous that no responsible colonial Power could accept them. Since the Bank is regarded as one of the main instruments for distributing American aid, this is an ominous precedent.

It would be misleading to interpret these Anglo-American controversies in simple nationalist terms. To-day the divisions are as much inside each country as between them. American Republicans and British Tories share a common philosophy. They regard rearmament, including the rearmament of Western Germany, as the main defence against Communist infiltration, and believe that free enterprise is essential to a real democracy. On the other side, British Socialists and American Fair Dealers are convinced that Communism does not "infiltrate" from outside and can only be combated by social and economic means.

The fact, however, that we are beginning to speak the same political language, does not mean that American and British interests are converging. Though he shares a philosophy with Mr. Dewey and Mr. Dulles, Mr. Churchill must seek to preserve the Commonwealth and the sterling area, whereas they really want a single dollar world. So, too, the Fair Dealer and the British Socialist part company directly the precise issue of American overseas expenditure is raised. The Fair Dealer wants federal social security and the national health service; and he must, if it comes to the choice, sacrifice foreign aid for the sake of his domestic programme, just as Labour Britain must reject any

form of European integration which threatens its Socialist experiment. In this sense, the Left in both America and Britain must be isolationist and "non-co-operative."

These are some of the reasons why the optimism of Mr. Bevin after the Washington Conference has been confounded. It is now clear that Marshall Aid will be replaced, not by a grander plan of world assistance, but by a modest makeshift. Britain, after all, must accept Sir Stafford Cripps' recipe of sterling self-sufficiency with all the austerity it implies —including austerity in defence expenditure. There is no formula for rectifying the dollar unbalance; and no magic of personal statesmanship can remove the deep-seated clash of interests between a Britain resigning from Empire and a U.S.A. mounting towards it. That in facing these conflicts we now understand each other better than ever before, is a tremendous advance in Anglo-American relations; but it does not remove the need for a British policy based on the assumption that we must make ourselves independent of dollar assistance as soon as possible.

MAKRONESSOS

We strolled about the quay at Lavrion, where the Cape of Attica points southward to the Cyclades, waiting for the caicque to be ready. "There are no prisoners on this island, remember," the liaison officer of the General Staff instructed me, "and no prisons either." We boarded the vessel and set out across the two or three miles which divide the tip of Attica from the twenty-mile finger of Makronessos, the greatest concentration camp in Greece.

Crossing the blue strait, the commander of the camp, Brigadier Bairaktaris, explained that there were 20,000 men on the island at present. (I never got these figures right; the International Red Cross later told me there were 13,910). In the past, he said, the "re-indoctrination centre" of Makronessos had been used to convert "Communist elements" into good nationalists. These elements had consisted of two kinds: the young men included in the annual draft but not sent into the army from suspicion of having rebel sympathies (or rebel relatives, or merely links with the wartime Resistance), and the peasants forcibly evacuated by the army from guerilla areas and deported for the time being to Makronessos "just in case." All these "Reds"—a term, I gathered, which the Brigadier applied to everyone Left of Centre, and certainly to this correspondent—had passed through a "course" of nationalist reindoctrination which had turned them within a matter of months from worthless creatures, scarcely human, into "some of our best national elements." Three battalions had gone to fight the guerillas on Grammos, apparently with great success.

Now, he went on, a new "experiment" was beginning. Having "reindoctrinated" the raw material of Communism, he was now attempting something "much more difficult"—the conversion of the "hard core," the reddest Reds, the hitherto "incorrigible." Good progress was being made, he was happy to report, and of the 10,000 strictly political prisoners held on this island as many as six or seven thousand (the Brigadier's figures were somewhat vague) had signed an *amende honorable*, renouncing Communism and all its works, and undertaking for the future to work and live as "good national Greeks." Three or four thousand "incorrigibles" remained, but there was hope that more might change their minds as time went by—"time" being, as far as I could find out, as many years as might be necessary to hold them unregenerate.

We landed. First we saw the military camps, of which there are three: well-spaced and fairly well-established tents (adequate in good weather—provided you have enough blankets, which the "incorrigibles," I am reliably informed, have not). There is a church, one or two reasonably well-equipped hospitals, a broadcasting station for "reindoctrination," places for kicking a football about, a library with at least 50 books ("but Greeks don't read"). In each of the three camps we saw men under military training. They appeared in good heart, and I talked to one or two through an interpreter. Speeches were made by the Brigadier: "We have won the war, and now we must win the peace. You have made mistakes, but mistakes are human—now is the time for you, soon, to go back to your homes and help to rebuild the Greece that the Communists have destroyed." Loud applause. Rhythmic chants of "Bai-rak-tar-is" and "We want Arms." Songs of hate against the Albanians and Bulgarians. Songs for the annexation of Northern Epirus (Southern Albania); speeches for the return to Greece of "the Greek island of Cyprus"; cries of "E-no-sis."

I could not discover exactly in what the "reindoctrination" consists unless it be this everlasting repetition of the national anthem, of nationalist slogans, of speeches and lectures against "the virus of Communism," of proof that the only way of getting off Makronessos is to shout and sing and grin as loudly and widely as the next man. I was told that the men undergo vocational training, but was shown no workshops, classrooms, or other of the media indispensable to instruction. There were the tents, the few permanent buildings for officers' messes and hospitals, the church, two open-air theatres, and that was all.

An integral part of this "reindoctrination," clearly, is the systematic demoralisation of men who believed (or may have believed, for by far the greatest part are admitted to have had little or no political background of any kind) that the parties of the Left were on their side and the parties of the Right were not. Selected prisoners were put up to address the men, in carefully read speeches, on the errors of their past and their conversion to "nationalism." Once men have done that, as we know, they are likely to become the most rabidly extremist of all, if only to destroy those who may otherwise regard them as traitors.

But that is not all there is to be seen on Makronessos. We saw the outside of a prison, and several hundred prisoners lined up for inspection. There was a difference of opinion among the Brigadier's entourage as to whether these were political or common-law prisoners. I think they are both, mixed indiscriminately together. We saw many thousands of peasants, often quite old men, from those deported by the army in case they fed or spied for the guerillas. More shouting, more slogans.

Lastly, I saw—but this was off the Brigadier's programme—the political camps at the northern end of the island. There are two of these, and they contained on December 1st, 1949, 3,000 or 4,000 "incorrigibles" according to the Brigadier's figures, or about a third as many according to the Red Cross, or 1,800 according to the camp guards. Among them are the outstanding prisoners of the Left who have survived the courts-martial which, according to the figures of the Greek Ministry of War, have sentenced 5,322 persons to death since June 18, 1946, and of whom, up to October 1st, when Tsaldaris obtained suspension of summary executions after pressure at Lake Success, 3,033 have been executed.

These survivors include men like General Sarafis, Despotopoulos, Gavrilidhes, who were already in prison when the rebellion erupted in 1947. They live in bell-tents set on concrete foundations across a barren hillside. Food and sanitation have apparently improved since the army took over from the gendarmerie a month ago. They badly need shoes, blankets, and warm clothing. They can receive mail, but not visitors.

Makronessos, I think, has two important aspects. First, it represents an attempt by the Greek General Staff to show that they can convert Left-wing sympathisers into staunch "nationalists"—a worthless claim which needs to be exposed, since the "converted" are for far the greater part mere "suspects" never organised in any political formation, or simply peasants swept up by deportation teams. It is obviously not difficult to reproduce in these at least the superficial symptoms of a rabid nationalism. Secondly, Makronessos now becomes the destination of all internees in Greece. These are many. According to the International Red Cross—which does its work, I think, humanely and efficiently—there may be about 25,000 Greeks actually in prisons; there are over 13,000 on Makronessos (or 20,000 if you take the Brigadier's figure) and about 15,000 in other camps at Trikeri (the women), Leros (the youths), Ikaria, Tripolis, and Larissa. More than 50,000 in all.

What this means for political liberty in Greece may be measured by the fact that the infamous "Decree-Law Three" of 1946 (probably one of the principal causes of the rebellion)—which remains in force without hope of more than temporary abrogation unless under international pressure—provides that *any person* may be arrested by an administrative decision of the police and deported without the flimsiest legal procedure. The intention now is that he should go to Makronessos, where he will either denounce all Left-wing sympathies in a declaration which is then printed in the newspapers, or else indefinitely stay there.

One example: Hassapidis, a leader of the Socialist trade unions in Salonica, was arrested the other day. No *habeas corpus*: hence no reason to account for the arrest. Yet this man

had held his job consistently throughout the last four years—and belonged to a party which had stood aside from and denounced E.A.M. in 1945 and the rebellion in 1947. It is not only the Communists in Greece who are placed beyond the law, but every man or woman whose actions become effective in a Left-wing sense, however moderate and reformist.

Let me conclude with the official Athens definition of a "nationalist." The Ministry of Public Order has said that this is anyone who has lived in a peaceful and law-abiding manner since the Varkiza Agreement of 1945, has had "no dealings with the police" since then, *and voted in 1946*. Failure to have voted Right-wing, that is, becomes a passport to Makronessos. Anyone else—moderate, Socialist, Communist, pacifist, or other non-conformist—is undoubtedly liable to arrest without trial and detainment without limit. It is in this atmosphere that a General Election is being prepared for next April.

Athens, December. BASIL DAVIDSON

A LONDON DIARY

FOR most Labour politicians a peerage is either a guillotine which cuts short a promising career or else a long overdue compensation for disappointment of office. Mr. Alexander, I hear, fought hard to avoid it and succeeded on at least two previous occasions. This time doubts whether his Sheffield constituency was reliable may have tipped the scale. He is a nice man and his record of service is long. I only wish it could have ended before he became the worst Service Minister since Brendan Bracken. John Wilmot, as Minister of Supply, suffered one of those sudden and unexplained dismissals in which Mr. Attlee occasionally indulges. By adding a seat in the Lords to his place on the National Parks Commission he should get a second lease of political life which he deserves. Dr. Haden Guest should also find the atmosphere of the Upper House to his liking—an obvious choice. Of Mr. Joseph Henderson, a junior Whip of ferocious mien, I know nothing; but whoever thought of Mr. Burden as a peer had a stroke of genius. A railway clerk and a Church Commissioner, he is a character out of Pickwick—rotund of figure and orotund of voice—a superb choice.

* * *

I wish people, troubled (often rightly) about what is happening in Communist countries, would sometimes turn their attention to the trend of events in some parts of the "free" half of the world. I have in front of me the *Cape Argus* (Johannesburg) for Monday, November 28th, 1949. Here is a quotation:—

> There was an angry scene in Johannesburg when a large group of Europeans and non-Europeans crowded round a farmer's lorry parked in Commissioner Street. The rear portion of the lorry had been converted into a wire cage in which two Natives were padlocked. They were convicts being taken to work their sentences on a farm. Shouts of "slavery" were heard among the crowd and, at one time, it looked as though an ugly incident might develop. But the driver emerged from a building and drove away. A senior official at the Fort said there was no regulation to prevent a farmer conveying hired convicts in a "cage" of the type described. He considered, however, that the farmer had been indiscreet in parking the vehicle in the city, and promised to discuss the matter with him.

Indiscreet is a lovely word.

* * *

A reader is angry because this journal attributed many of our troubles to the original Soviet attitude to Marshall Aid. His letter provides a fine example of the way in which facts can be made to fit theories. I know of no evidence to support his statement that it had been decided not to give money to Communist countries before Marshall's Harvard speech; on the contrary, the Communist countries were included in the proposal and invited to the Paris Conference. Molotov arrived with his vast following of experts. My view has always been that his precipitate departure was a crucial mistake. It is unlikely, as the Congress discussions showed later, that Marshall Aid would have been voted for Communist countries. Russia could, therefore, have safely accepted the offer in principle, putting forward her own constructive proposals for using the proposed grant. In that case Russian proposals would have united Socialists throughout Europe. If America had withdrawn the offer of Marshall Aid because it was taken up by Communist countries, Russia's position throughout Europe would have been unchallengeable. Not even the most reactionary Labour leaders in England, for instance, would have been able to refuse such a lead from Russia. As it was, Russia's withdrawal only served to harden the existing division in Europe.

Secondly, our correspondent disputes the hard fact that Russia prevented Poland and Czechoslovakia from taking part in the Marshall Aid Conference. The Czechs announced their intention of attending the Conference, and Poland was only prevented at the last moment from doing so by Soviet intervention. True, Masaryk stated that he did not need to be bullied by Russia to withdraw Czech adherence when he knew that the Russians objected. But that did not mean that he had any doubt about wanting Marshall Aid; on the contrary, it meant that, when the Soviet Union objected, the Czechs immediately but unwillingly agreed. The Czechs did not need coercing because no Czech Minister would dream of trying to oppose the Kremlin on an important issue. In conversation, Masaryk was always quite clear about this. He hoped the Czechs would never have to choose between the East and West. If they did, he knew, without any discussion, that, after Munich, they were in the Soviet orbit.

* * *

I am delighted that Herbert Morrison, Vincent Tewson and other Labour and Trade Union leaders have publicly promised to hoot with laughter when David Low makes scarecrows of them or, worse, exposes their political shortcomings in the *Daily Herald*. Low has become such an institution in England that none of his victims dare tell the truth about his cartoons; whatever their inner feelings, a good fruity laugh is common form. Low has said nothing in public about his reasons for leaving the *Evening Standard*. The public only knows that he has gained from the *Daily Herald* a contract giving him the same freedom that he has always observed on the Beaverbrook press. One point to which I have not seen attention drawn is that Beaverbrook himself has now reached the age when he no longer constantly rings up his editors on the phone and dictates the substance of to-morrow's paper. Even he may find this difficult to do on the long-distance from Jamaica, where he now spends most of his time. This means that the direction of his papers must fall into other and perhaps less tolerant hands. Low may well doubt whether the familiar relationship by which the cartoonist rags the leader writer in the *Evening Standard* can be maintained for many years longer. The *Herald*, moreover, has the advantage for him that, though he will cease to enjoy ridiculing Conservative readers, he will have to create new stereotypes for a different audience. To find a fresh field in a Labour paper after nearly a quarter of a century on the Beaverbrook press must be a stimulating and exciting experience for a cartoonist. Low has always been adventurous, and I look forward to new creations suited to two million devoted Labourites, not really accustomed in the *Herald* to being laughed at.

* * *

Americans have long been used to taking breakfast foods with Beethoven and stomach powders with comedians, but they have always had one defence against the excesses of commercial broadcasting. They could switch off. There was even a special gadget designed to fade out a programme for a few seconds while the announcer put in a "plug" for the sponsor's product. But no such defence existed against the latest brainwave of the advertising agencies. They discovered The Man Who Couldn't Reach The Switch. People in trams, buses and station waiting-rooms have no freedom not to listen. So tram passengers in Washington and other cities have had their journey improved by the usual exhortations to buy, to remember what their best friends won't tell them or, by using a certain deodorant, to 'make their armpits, charmpits." One hospital took up the idea and put loudspeakers in its labour room. (Strange, while they were about it, not to boost baby clothes and "infants' accessories.") The first victory against this menace has, I am glad to see, been won in New York. Grand Central Station, to coin a few more thousand dollars a year, has been assaulting the ears of train passengers with a mixture of music and advertising. "It got so you couldn't read a timetable," a friend wrote a few days ago, "without being shouted at. You remember the product and forget the time of the train." Public protest has checked this instalment of Orwell's 1984.

* * *

Assaulting Eros has now become a recognised sport for rowdy nights, like putting a pot on the top of the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford. The difference, however, is that Eros is fragile, while no one, as far as I know, has ever succeeded in breaking the Martyrs' Memorial. It is an innovation which produces some ridiculous situations. At 3 a.m. on New Year's morning, for

instance, Eros was invisible behind a wooden covering that served as a kind of chastity belt, which was itself further protected from assault by a solid guard, three deep, of yawning policemen. No one else was to be seen in Piccadilly, but one cannot accuse the authorities of waste, for it was later still, I'm told, that some student parties ended and that one daring spirit did succeed in partial penetration. CRITIC

BOOK BOOMERANGS

A copy of *Kidnapped* has been presented to Mr. Hector McNeill's son, inscribed "In memory, New York, 1949, Andrei Vyshinsky."—News item.

Well-timed, well-chosen gifts
Help to heal little rifts—
Mr. Vyshinsky's gift calms the cold war;
Volumes appropriate
Soon flew from State to State,
One goodwill gesture was followed by more.

Churchill, with greetings warm,
Gave Clem *The Gathering Storm.*
Attlee was ready with his gift-books, too,
Giving "in memory"
Purpose and Policy,
Twenty Years After and *Winnie the Pooh.*

Truman got *Westward Ho!*
Signed, Yours sincerely, Jo,
Truman replied with *Macarthur's Japan.*
Then to the President
Mao *Lost Horizon* sent,
Truman returned *The Invisible Man.*

Tito with greetings mailed
Stalin *The Light That Failed,*
Gone with the Wind, also *Call it a Day;*
Promptly from Moscow went
Back *Crime and Punishment,*
The Meaning of Treason and *I Will Repay!*

Weizmann from Israel
Sent, wishing Trygvie well,
Thieves in the Night and *Palestine Mission;*
To Creech-Jones U.N. Trustees
Gave *Island Pharisees.*
Creech-Jones sent *Britain's Colonial Tradition.*

Good Meatless Dishes flew,
With New Year wishes, to
General Peron, first on Wilson's book-list;
Stafford, with special care,
Sent Hoffman off, by air,
Great Expectations and *Oliver Twist.*

Old foes of forty-nine
Gift-books could not decline,
Russia's initiative set off the rest;
Statesmen too long estranged,
Suitable books exchanged,
Forging new links in the East and the West.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD

Before going to sleep at night I read in bed for 20 minutes. During that time I warm my feet by breathing *in* through my nose and *out* through a length of rubber tubing reaching from my mouth to my feet. Within five minutes I am glowing with heat.—Letter in *Daily Mail.* (Margaret P. Whittingham.)

Beryl Cary, Lilac House, Rolleston, Newark, has some pictures of horses to exchange for pictures of the Royal Family.—*Farmer and Stockbreeder.* (Elizabeth Pylee.)

"Giver of Light" which was performed by members of the Womens' Fellowship was greatly enjoyed and appreciated . . . The artistes were in Biblical costumes which were very realistic and made the scene more sacred.—*Driffield Times.* (M. Boothroyd.)

Report on Czechoslovakia—III

THERE is a widespread dislike of the regime in Czechoslovakia—among the remnants of the middle class, among the intellectuals and the lower-grade civil servants, whom the regime is trying to "proletarianise," and even among some sections of the working class. Many of the younger people of the middle class were almost enthusiastic about the novelty of it all a year ago; much less so now. All these compulsory meetings, all these Marxist-Leninist lectures, the rewriting of Czech history, in which Masaryk and Benes are made to look like "class enemies"—all this is a constant irritation. Yet, as with all regimes, here too there are hundreds of thousands of people who have a vested interest in the system. A "proletarian intelligentsia" is being trained, to replace the old intellectuals; working-class lads have a better chance than middle-class lads to receive a university education; thousands of Communists have replaced the old officer corps at the head of the Czechoslovak army; and hosts of Communist lawyers and industrial executives are being trained. A new generation of writers is being artificially produced—a generation nurtured on the wisdom of Comrade Zhdanov—and if most modern Czech composers who are played on the radio are still extraordinarily reminiscent of Prokofiev or Shostakovitch, this will not be tolerated for long. M. Nejedly, the veteran Minister of Education, has very strong views on music; Smetana, in his view, is the great genius of Czech "people's art," while Dvorak is a wretched cosmopolitan, who should be played as little as possible.

The Czech Communists know, of course, that it will be a long process to re-educate the entire Czech nation, but they are confident—or say they are—that, just as the whole of the Russian people finally accepted the Soviet regime after a number of years, so the Czech people will accept their new system, too. It will take time to inculcate the idea that the main function of the trade unions is to demand higher production, and not higher wages; it will take time to stop people from hankering after Western culture, and to convince them that the Soviet regime in Russia is Czechoslovakia's own flesh and blood. Yet though, a year ago, there was less passive resistance to the regime than now, in another year or two (the Communists say) the process will be reversed; prosperity and stability, as well as continuous propaganda, will in the end persuade the large majority that all is for the best. Only, how soon?

Already the Czech Communists have convinced themselves that their conflict with the Church has demonstrated the "fundamental reasonableness" of the Czech people, including the Czech clergy. ("Well, yes, of course, Archbishop Beran has to do his stay-in strike, and the other bishops have to go on moping; but look at the ordinary priests—nobody wants to be a martyr, and they are all only too glad to get their salaries from the State.") The conflict with the Church is not over yet; photos may be published showing how delighted the priests look as they pocket their first month's pay; but Beran is, in fact, not a "stay-in striker" but a prisoner; and the bishops may still cause the Government considerable trouble. However, the Communist Party is satisfied that it has, at any rate, won the first round and hopes, with the help of its "Catholic Action Committees" to keep the clergy cowed and obedient. The Catholic press is now, in fact, run by these Government-sponsored Committees.

I frequently asked Czech Communists what they thought of the East-West tension and the problem of divided Germany. There seemed to be two lines—the official Party, and less official line. Suslov's statement at the last Cominform meeting, with its suggestion that the international situation had gravely deteriorated and the danger of war increased, caused some alarm and despondency in Prague. But many Czech Communists consider this to be mere propaganda, since, in reality, with the Russians in possession of the atom bomb, the danger of war, coming from the "warmongers" in the West, has really diminished and not increased. The war, as seen by the Communists, would "of course" be won by the Russians if it came to a showdown; but since the Russians would, "of course," never dream of starting any war, why worry?

Similarly, the more informal Communist view of Western Germany is that she does not really, for the present, constitute a serious danger to Czechoslovakia, and that, economically, her whole basis is thoroughly unsound. As one Communist leader remarked to me: "Western Germany can thrive economically only at the expense of France and Britain, and, if, not unnaturally, they oppose that, she will sooner or later go Communist." As for the prospect of Western Germany finding outlets in the East for her output, the same Communist remarked: "We are not going to do anything to make life easier for Western Germany; we shall buy from Western Germany only the things we really badly need, but nothing more. She is economically well ahead of Eastern Germany, but Eastern Germany has a sounder social and economic basis in the long run. Of course, most Germans still loathe the Russians and the Pieck-Grotewohl regime, but in a year or two the Russians will feed Eastern Germany adequately, and economic forces will go on favouring the East, rather than the West."

In any case few Czechs to-day expect a war in any foreseeable future, and the small minority who are hoping for a war that would "liberate Czechoslovakia" are in a despondent mood—far more despondent than a year ago.

In the meantime, though still far from converted to the Soviet way of life, Czechoslovakia is being artificially cut off from all contacts with the West. No British newspapers are on sale except the *Daily Worker*, and in the British Reading Room last month *The Times* was allowed to be read by visitors only during one day out of thirty. The British Council remains a tiny oasis of Western culture,

and its innocuous non-political lectures have a membership of about 600. The *Gleichschaltung* is not complete yet, it still meets with immense passive resistance; Czech scientists, for instance, have been slow to accept Lysenko as against Mendel, whose statue can still be seen in his native city of Brno. But the isolation from the West is proceeding as rapidly as possible for all that; British and other Western residents are being expelled by the dozen every week, for no other reason than that they "may" become a menace to the State. Prague feels singularly like Moscow a year ago. The few resident or visiting foreign correspondents from the West are treated as a major nuisance; neither I, nor any other Western correspondent was admitted even to the Trade Union Congress this month. And then they complain if admittedly exaggerated and sometimes plainly fabricated stories about Czechoslovakia are sent out from Vienna! But do they really care any longer? ALEXANDER WERTH

Prague, December.

SO THEY SAY . . .

IF the Prime Minister had printed the date of the General Election across the front of the New Year Honours List he could not have made his intentions plainer—according to the Conservative Press on January 2, at any rate. (The Liberal and Left papers were more cautious.) All unanimity went, however, when it came to the selection of the "human" stories in the List; sub-editors plainly made assiduous efforts to find something for all tastes.

The *Daily Mail* went to town on the hotel manager who was called in "to recommend how meals at Buckingham Palace could be run on a business footing." The lady who had made 16,000,000 tea-pot lids signified at once the dignity of labour in the *Daily Herald* and the special virtues of free enterprise in the *Daily Graphic*.

The arts took pride of place in the *Daily Express*, with a story headlined 'CLEAN PICTURES' MAN KNIGHTED, and in the *News Chronicle*, which featured the man who holds the curtains together at Covent Garden. The *Daily Mirror* picked on the well-known public figure, Oni of Ife; (headline: SIR OBA, NOW).

That's How We All Felt

Sunday Express, December 25:

First Edition:

IT'S A £30,000,000 CHRISTMAS

Last Edition:

IT'S A £100,000,000 CHRISTMAS

H'm

Observer, January 1:

> Let us now look briefly at what the New Year holds . . . As an independent newspaper, the OBSERVER will not take sides in the election campaign . . .

An admirable sentiment, depreciated in value only by the omission, from the *Observer's* list of the various political leaders' New Year messages to their parties, of any reference to the Prime Minister's own message to the Labour Party.

Crystal Ball Department

Sunday Graphic, January 1:

LOOKING BACK FROM A.D.2000

> It was, I may remind you, after the unique dead-heat of the General Election of 1950 that we saw, with some content, the creation of a truly national government . . .

Reynold's News, January 1:

FLASHBACK A.D.2000

> The last of the Great Political Purges took place in Eastern Europe in 1970, when all surviving Public Prosecutors and Political Police Chiefs were tried and sentenced to spend the rest of their days in useful occupation . . .

Daily Mirror, January 2:

50 YEARS ON

> Burly John Smith, looking and feeling forty years younger than his 65 years of age, was taking it easy one day in A.D.2000. Wearing his one-piece light-weight suit, made of fibres spun from waste monkey-nut shells . . .

Sunday Chronicle, January 1;

A DIARY OF A NOBODY IN A.D.2000

> . . . this wholesale traffic in spare human parts is a disgrace to the nation; now that surgical grafting has become so easy we shall soon reach the stage where any elderly woman will be able to buy a pair of pretty legs from some wretched impoverished girl . . .

AUTOLYCUS

ADVERTISERS IN AGONY

THE "agony" column of the newspapers is a useful source of information about disorders of body and mind which have been more or less neglected by medical research workers. The note of urgency in some of the appeals reflects the distress of the sufferers or their relatives, and the helplessness of their doctors. It might be thought that nearly all the advertisements would relate to psychoneurotic or psychosomatic disorders, such as depression or duodenal ulcer, but this is not so: out of one hundred recent advertisements of this kind in *The Times*, sixty-four were appeals for help in cases of organic disease. This is not to say that the so-called functional disorders—for example, insomnia or stammering—are any less distressing to the patient. It may be that relatives are less reluctant than the sufferers to use the "agony" columns; and no doubt it is the relatives who advertise when the disease is organic, and the sufferers themselves when the nervous element is uppermost.

When the disorders for which help is sought are classed according to systems of the body, the majority fall into one or other of four main groups. Organic disease of the nervous system leads the field, with fifteen out of one hundred advertisements. Five of these fifteen were cases of disseminated sclerosis—a disease whose cause is unknown to doctors, and whose first symptoms may be partial blindness or paralysis. A recent theory, which has not made much headway, is that disseminated sclerosis may be the human equivalent of "swayback" in lambs, which is believed to be due to shortage of copper in the land grazed by the sheep. Even if nothing comes of this conjecture, the occurrence, reported in 1947, of four cases of disseminated sclerosis (a relatively rare disease) among seven workers engaged in research into the cause of swayback must surely be regarded as a remarkable medical coincidence.

Most of the other diseases of the nervous system mentioned in the advertisements—such as Friedrich's ataxia, progressive muscular atrophy, Parkinson's disease, and muscular dystrophy—are equally mysterious, and consequently the sufferers gain little relief from medical treatment. For those with Parkinson's disease (paralysis agitans), however, there is a little more hope, for several new drugs—including, strangely enough, the antihistamines—have been found to relieve the symptoms, at any rate temporarily.

Skin diseases form the second largest group (14 per cent.) in these advertisements. Eczema, psoriasis, alopecia and shingles all appear two or three times. General practitioners are only too well aware of the difficulty of curing many of these chronic skin conditions, which often cause great distress, especially when the skin of the face or hands is affected. It is an old joke that specialists in dermatology are fortunate—their patients are seldom cured and seldom die. Much misery might be prevented by more research in this field.

The third group consists of diseases of the chest—13 per cent. of the total. Nearly all of these advertisements mention asthma or bronchitis. Some of the most strongly worded appeals come from the asthmatics. Only those who have experienced an attack can understand the dreadful feeling of constriction in the chest which made one sufferer exclaim that if only he could get rid of the breath that was in him he would never take another. It is extremely distressing for parents to see a child in an asthmatic attack, and their frantic requests for practical suggestions about methods of relief are understandable. The immediate cause of asthma is constriction of the medium-sized tubes along which air travels to and from the lungs, but why these tubes are affected is not known. Unhappily, the new antihistamine drugs, while quite useful in hay fever, have been disappointing in asthma.

The frankly psychoneurotic disorders form the fourth group; they make 10 per cent. of the total. Insomnia, depression, headache and anxiety are the recurring words, and the sensitive reader may reflect, "There, but for the grace of God. . . ." Some of the descriptions which the sufferers give of their symptoms might have been lifted straight out of a medical textbook—for instance, the intelligent woman of 40 with a migrainous headache which starts at 4 a.m. every morning, or the man with alternating phases of utter weariness and hectic activity. Stammerers are able to ask for advice in an advertisement more eloquently than they could in speech, and even the shy sufferer from blushing can invoke the "agony" column.

In the numerically smaller groups hearing disorders were the most prominent. Strangely enough, advice was asked only once for deafness, but there were four sufferers driven desperate by head noises or tinnitus. This is certainly no symptom to be taken lightly, for it has driven some people to suicide. Three

patients going blind with cataract formed another small group: they all wanted information about non-operative treatment. That several individuals should seek advice about varicose veins is a reminder that doctors still have a lot to learn about this common and crippling disorder. Difficult children formed another small group. Four of these were cases of bed-wetting, all in boys from 9 to 16 years of age. Here again doctors are often remarkably helpless, unless the parents are shrewd enough to be able to locate in their own behaviour the reason for a hidden emotional disturbance in their child. The only psychosis for which advice was asked—on three occasions—was schizophrenia; in two of the cases information was sought about leucotomy.

The remaining advertisements were in the "miscellaneous" category. Four individuals with asthma, one with sinus trouble, and one with psoriasis (a skin disease), asked for advice about the best climate for their particular disability. The address of a wart-charmer was required by the parent of a child who had had every form of medical treatment, and a man wanted a "cure" for smoking which did not entail the exercise of will-power. Only one advertiser requested information from sufferers—a meteorologist investigating the effect of climate on arthritis.

Among the conditions conspicuous by their absence were cancer, rheumatism, and genito-urinary and digestive disorders. It would be fair to assume from the patent-medicine advertisements that the commonest sites for persistent pain and discomfort are the joints and the stomach: perhaps there are so many remedies for rheumatism and dyspepsia that the sufferers never reach the stage of having nothing else to try.

Some advertisers received so many replies that they had to thank their correspondents through the "agony" column. The efficacy of the suggested treatments was seldom mentioned, though one advertiser, suffering from dermatitis, was so pleased with all the advice given that he or she felt able to state that cure was already in sight. Considering the affection in which domestic animals are held in this country it is surprising that only one appeal (if it could be called so) appeared on behalf of an animal during the time that one hundred appeals were made for help in cases of human illness. The advertiser requested to be put in touch with a "vet." who understood grey parrots. MEDICUS

WHAT DID HE SEE?

He saw a woman with no nose
Who watched a dwarf take off his clothes.
He saw a shell without its snail
Ride on the Pope's blood in a pail.
He saw a rock toad in its cleft
Persuade his landlord to vote Left.
He saw a corpse push through the lawn
And with his cows a unicorn.
He saw a pound note kneeling down
To a young nun in her wedding gown.
He saw a grey rat cross the road
And then the moon's large face explode.
And having seen these curious sights
He slept and he dreamt the better at nights.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

THE SEÑORES

ONE's whole impression of a country can be governed by the most trivial circumstance. Armitage's arrival in Spain coincided with a heat-wave. A tailor in Barcelona made him a tussore suit in three days. Price five hundred pesetas—a fiver. He was enchanted. "Our people could learn something from the way they do things here," he told everyone he met.

Armitage was the European representative of a big manufacturing concern. There was no question of *selling* his firm's products. All the world clamoured for them. Armitage simply went from country to country, interviewed applicants for the agency, and selected the one he considered most suitable. There was big money in it for the successful firm. In that year he had covered all the other Mediterranean countries. He took a great liking to Spain and the Spaniards.

In this case it took Armitage a week to investigate the background of the twelve competing firms. Each one of them was unwittingly submitted to a test of his own devising, by which they were awarded marks under the headings "Organisation" and "Morality." All twelve scored high marks, and Armitage decided to take a quiet week or two longer in the country and think the matter over in comfort before coming to a decision.

An interpreter had attached himself; an old fellow with the expression of a gentle, sickly wolf, who wore a sky-blue shirt, beach-comber trousers and a peaked cap with Hotel España on the band. The interpreter didn't obtrude himself; he didn't insist on walking at Armitage's side, but could always be produced like an Arabian Nights' genie by merely clinking two glasses together. He never bothered Armitage for money, but occasionally accepted a crême-de-menthe and a Havana cigar. When they went to one of the better places, the interpreter covered up the Hotel España on his cap with a plain band he carried for the purpose. This made him look like a low-grade officer off a Panamanian ship. . .

One evening when Armitage was sitting in the hotel lounge the interpreter turned up without the glasses being clinked. "There are two señores to see you," he said. The two señores advanced across the carpet with outstretched hands. They were clad in immaculate tussore and their shoes creaked faintly. Both had high, intellectual foreheads, passionless faces and good teeth. They clasped his hand in signet-ringed fingers. He recognised them as executives of a firm he had been investigating in Catalonia.

"The señores ask you to join them for an aperitive," the interpreter said. Both señores were smiling, rather shyly, and Armitage said he would be delighted. He was about to go off with them when the interpreter warned him in a whisper to make the polite gesture of changing his shirt. Although he had changed it only an hour before, Armitage had seen too much of foreign irrationality to be in the slightest surprised. He excused himself and carried out the interpreter's instructions.

They had vermouth and prawns outside a private club in the Rambla. The señores were attentive and affable, and Armitage complimented them through the interpreter on the way they got things done in Barcelona. His hosts smiled and nodded. "In Spain," said the interpreter on their behalf, "there is order, reconstruction, discipline." Several acquaintances drifted up, sparred playfully with the señores and passed on. It was all very boyish and informal. When they left in a car an hour or so later Armitage began to suspect that it was going to develop into a night out. His suspicion was strengthened when the interpreter explained that the señores had packed their families off to the sea for the summer and therefore had much time on their hands.

The first stop was at an elegantly furnished house, where they sat in armchairs before a dais upon which a number of ladies wearing firemen's helmets but otherwise naked wrestled with each other. The interpreter explained apologetically that as indecent performances were no longer tolerated in Spain, all the señores could offer were spectacles of artistic authenticity such as this, which represented the Rape of the Sabine Women. The heat-wave was still in full swing, and the ladies, both Roman and Sabine, were sweating a great deal.

After the show they went to El Cortijo for a marathon dinner of lobster, Valencian rice, sucking pig and several wines. One of the señores excused himself to telephone, and a few moments later three beautiful girls arrived almost, as one might have said, with the coffee. They were gorgeously dressed and rather over made-up for Armitage, who had solid, Non-conformist tastes. He was quite alarmed when, at about 4 a.m. he found himself alone with one of them among the lush appointments of a *chambre-privée*. However, making the best of it, he sat on the edge of the bed for two hours and practised his few sentences of Spanish. She was extremely charming and most helpful with his pronunciation. He was sorry when at 6 a.m. the interpreter tapped at the door and said they would have to be going as the señores had their first business appointment at nine o'clock. The interpreter asked, in an undertone, if he had left anything for the young lady, explaining that 150-200 pesetas would be acceptable, but should be left at the side of her gloves in such a way that, when picking them up, she could sweep the notes into her handbag without touching them. He further took the opportunity of warning Armitage that such financial matters must never be mentioned to a Spanish lady.

Next evening the señores called for him again. They all went out to the Café Novarro, where the interpreter told him that his hosts were worried. Had the lady they had chosen for him proved unsuitable? They had done their best, but perhaps if he could suggest . . . Armitage reassured them, explaining in his most tactful manner that it was just the procedure which he had found rather cold-blooded for his taste. The señores listened and nodded their understanding. "*Es muy sencillo*," one said. "*Simpático*," said the other. "They say you're a good man," the

interpreter told him. The Café Novarro contained a large number of girls, sitting separately or in pairs at the tables. They were not well dressed. The interpreter drew his attention to them. "Honest girls," he said. "They work hard. They don't eat much. Maybe you like these girls?"

As if by magic three of them were sitting at the table. They were just as lovely as the dishonest girls of the night before, and their charm was enhanced for Armitage by their simple dresses, hair styles and make-up. They wore no rings, and their hands were reddened by work. The whole party went to a movie, and after that to dinner at a modest place down by the port. The girls were rather shy. They ate hardly anything, and it appeared that they asked the señores if they could take home with them some of the food they left untouched. The señores had three tasteful little parcels made up.

At about 4 a.m. Armitage found himself alone in a hotel room with one of the girls. The interpreter explained that they couldn't go anywhere where the señores were known—with these girls of the working class. The room was dark, cluttered with religious ornaments, and smelt of recently applied disinfectant, which Armitage recognised with pleasure as one of his firm's products. The door had been smashed open and roughly repaired, and loud snores came from the corridor where a guard sprawled on a chair with a tommy-gun across his knees. The advantage of these places, said the interpreter, was that you didn't have to fill in all the police forms, and the disadvantage was that they were sometimes raided by terrorists from Toulouse in an attempt to get funds. Round about 6 o'clock the interpreter knocked on the door and said the señores had to get away. He told Armitage not to leave money or the girl would be insulted.

After that Armitage saw the girl every day for the remainder of his stay in Spain. Sometimes they went to a movie and sometimes for a walk. Once he took her to a bullfight and she explained all the technicalities. He was beginning to pick up a little Spanish. On two or three occasions they ran into the señores, who always embraced him lightly and bowed with great formality to the girl. They went several times to the sordid hotel. He became fond of her, but in a well regulated way, knowing that his time there was short. She told him some of the details of her life, and he listened with sympathy but without understanding. The male members of her family had been killed in the war, although he never found out what side they had been on. She was a seamstress and made ten pesetas a day. That was terrible, he thought, less than fifteen shillings a week.

When he broke the news that he was leaving, she cried a little. He wanted to buy her something as a souvenir, and after much persuasion she went with him to the Inovación stores where she chose a raincoat and a lacquered fan. The coat cost 350 pesetas and the fan 75. She saw him off at the station and gave him a small, framed photograph of herself, a box of chocolates and some illustrated magazines. She seemed very unhappy.

Armitage went home full of enthusiasm for Spain. He was sorry not to have been able to give the agency to the Catalan firm, who had fallen a little short of top score under the heading "Morality." This was not of course the Christian but the commercial variety of the virtue, and the trouble was something he had unearthed to do with a breach of contract.

NORMAN LEWIS

The Arts and Entertainment

ENGLISH AND FRENCH IN 1950

For the first time since the deaths of Constable and Turner England now possesses an artist of a stature equal to any of his own generation in France. Indeed, Henry Moore is a greater artist than any painter or sculptor, French-born or working in France, who is younger than Braque and Picasso. If these two painters, together with Matisse—whose eightieth birthday was celebrated a few days ago—and the late Pierre Bonnard are to be regarded as the four great masters of painting in the first half of the present century, it may be said we are claiming a great deal for our own sculptor. Yet where are his rivals, in painting or sculpture, whose age is less than sixty-five? The venerable Brancusi alone among living sculptors is comparable: and I think, of the two, Moore is the more universal and profound. Among the painters, the runners-up to Braque and Picasso—Derain, Utrillo, Roéault, Leger—must all be more than fifteen years Moore's senior. The French sculptors Lipchitz, Zadkine and Laurens, possibly more nearly his contemporaries, are fine artists, but they all lack, by comparison with Moore, two things—sculptural absoluteness: and profundity of invention, or discovery. The first is more difficult than the second to describe: in a word, it is the quality which distinguishes sculpture from painting. Nothing in Moore's figures is exempt from the necessity to exist in the round: no graphic image is here superimposed, or there extracted from, the mass. The mass itself *is* the image you register from any of the infinite number of viewpoints. As you move in relation to the work, the work itself moves in your eye, expanding, contracting into a different shape, a variation of itself. Thus a truly sculptural image is not static, restricted to a given viewpoint. It is perpetual; it is permanently mobile, so to speak. You only get it by circling about the sculpture many times: and even so, somewhere in between the "front" and a "side" view are many others which will at first have escaped you. Months of familiarity may still leave many significant aspects of a figure by Moore undiscovered: and this is where the French sculptors just named are so much less subtle—because not so profoundly sculptural. Zadkine in particular suggests a number of pictorial images *welded* into the three dimensional form.

The second great quality, by reason of which such exceptional eminence is conferred upon Moore, is the quality of revolutionary poetic invention. Possession of the sculptural feeling alone would not suffice to make a man a great artist: the non-formal elements must also be exceptionally daring; they must represent an intuitive penetration to the depths of the psyche. This Moore also does. Indeed the vast significance attaching to the blind smooth heads, the pot-holed torsos, the figures at once embryo-like and impersonal as the very structure of the Earth's timeless surface—all this is the side of Moore which first assailed the consciousness of his thousands of lay admirers. For them the potency of the psychic content in Moore's sculpture was apparent long before a consideration of his innovations in form forced itself upon their conscious minds. A new world had been created in which new relationships were evident between man's body and his physical environment. But not only that. A new interplay was established between the imagination and physical reality: rhythmic formations in Nature leapt into sudden significance; a new beauty (previously identified with the insignificant or even the ugly) was uncovered. People saw Moore's shapes in the flints in their gardens—just as those saturated in Cézanne found that Montagne Ste. Victoire more resembled his canvases than any photograph.

Henry Moore is clearly a tremendous asset to his fellow artists in this country: his rise to world-wide fame is excellent for our morale. Nevertheless the coming to full fruition of his genius does not in itself guarantee an English renaissance in sculpture or painting, still less an ascendancy of English over French in the second half of the century, now opening. The fact that to-day we feel less in awe of all French painters under fifty than, say Matthew Smith must have felt of his contemporaries in Paris when he started to paint, is also meagre cause for hopefulness on our part. There is still little more than a handful of British painters whose works we could confidently exhibit abroad: Ben Nicholson, Matthew Smith, Hitchens and Sutherland are the most certain, in all of their phases; though Wyndham Lewis and Pasmore, in some of theirs, are every bit as eligible. Of the younger ones, Scott, Vaughan, Ryan, Lanyon, Craxton, Minton, Colquhoun, MacBryde, Haughton, le Brocquy, Freud, Wynter and the sculptors Adams, Butler and Berlin are all hopeful, to be sure. And there are others. But few have wrenched free of the besetting sin of the British—the eternal dependence upon line, and an illustrator's rather than a painter's drawing. There seems no middle way in England between the extremes: if abstract, then we are too abstract (Nicholson); if representational, then either we resort to a deadening derivation from Degas, *not* Cézanne (Euston Road), or we return to Palmer's writhing detail—a linear conception which conceals in poetic atmosphere its frequent lack of spatial structure (Sutherland or Minton at times; Ayrton; Vaughan earlier on). But it is the middle way precisely, with its marriage of all these opposites that produces painting. Picasso, Braque, Matisse and Bonnard fused the abstract with the literary, the conceptual image with the perceptual impression, at every turn. And so, on a less exalted plane, do the first four English painters in the list above.

In France the trouble is quite opposite. A score of talented painters, having inherited, along with fine taste, an understanding of pictorial processes that would be rare indeed over here, can do little more than juggle with the devices which the older painters so brilliantly discovered. Where the English still show the capacity to apprehend Nature in terms of poetry, but spoil the results for lack of formal discipline, the younger French painters seem condemned to spin out their near-abstractions in an increasingly cerebral manner. Singier, G. van Velde, Soulages, Manessier, Bazaine, Hartung and others produce abstract canvases in which painterly texture is always present (as it was not in Mondrian) but which break little new ground. Then, in the middle-way, as it were, Pignon, Tal Coat, Borès, Duyez, though starting with the visual scene, tend to de-nature it with an excess of abstract formulae superimposed. It is not until we come to such frankly figurative painters as Civet, Clave, Venard, Minaux and Buffet that the French decline seems momentarily to be arrested. Their relation to an actual subject is very much the same as Braque's, even Picasso's—though their individual reactions to that subject differ greatly from either master's as well as from each other's. This last group may well develop into the spearhead of a general movement towards a new representationalism—a retreat from the barren wastes of that sort of pure abstraction which is permeated more by theory than by vision. If the middle way between

pure abstraction and abject representation can once more be strengthened in both England and France, there is hope for modern painting: we should then escape the new academicism, now threatening; the academicism of mechanical abstraction. Also, we should be witnessing the survival of the tradition which numbers Picasso, Moore and Braque not less than Turner or Cézanne among it adherents.

PATRICK HERON

RADIO NOTES

"WE must be free or die, who speak the tongue That Shakespeare spake." But Wordsworth, it seems, was wrong. We *don't* speak it; or not unless we happen to have taken on seasonable employment as pantomime rustics. *The Elizabethan Tongue* presented passages from the plays in their original pronunciation, and the effect was that of a spirited Shakespeare evening in the parish hall. That Alleyn and Burbage and Kempe spoke much like this I am perfectly willing to believe. But was Professor Daniel Jones justified in claiming that his experiment had more than a curious antiquarian interest? To what extent, in fact, does Shakespeare's poetry inhere in the specific auditory effects of spoken English at the turn of the seventeenth century? If poetry is made, as Mallarmé insisted, with words, it is with words cunningly constrained to modify and enrich one another's *sense* in maximal degree, and it may be that any rhetorical treatment making words as mere collocations of vowels and consonants obtrude upon that sense is a hindrance rather than a help. Some classical scholars maintain that Virgil is best in the old pronunciation, some elect for the new, and others again declare that the poetry remains unchanged when one shifts from one to the other. But despite these doubts I am grateful to Professor Jones for this phonological soirée, and to Raf de la Torre and Norman Shelley in particular for entering into it with such commendable gusto.

Elizabethan scholars are immensely industrious, and amid what they offer us it is always necessary to pick and choose with caution. Anyone remembering the brilliant experiments of William Poel will recall how they divided: into exhibitions of real powers of the Shakespearean playhouse, when he recaptured the flexibility of the delocalised platform stage; into beguiling but disconcerting learned pranks, as when he dressed Ben Jonson's Roman senators as English puritans. If Elizabethan pronunciation must be grouped with Elizabethan costume, it is otherwise with the technique of Elizabethan acting and Elizabethan canons of rhetorical delivery. Bertram Joseph's researches in this field are of the greatest interest. Even more than the recently repeated series, *Shakespeare and His World*, his talk must have brought many into contact with the actual process and progress of an important piece of dramatic investigation. Radio producers, it seems to me, are still too fond of adapting from the modern theatre when they might be transposing directly from the old. *The Tempest* in places instanced this—for example, in opening with a variant of the conventional His Majesty's hullabaloo. In the interest of a quasi-musical shipwreck we were denied anything (notably Gonzalo's direct addresses to the auditory) unsuited to bellowing; while Miranda at the beginning of the next scene remained so conscious of the tumult that she delivered her first lines in a displeasing scream. But on the whole this was a well-rounded production, with Sibelius's music tactfully handled. Franklyn Dyall and Carleton Hobbs—the latter marvellously aged since his beautiful reading of Lancelot Andrewes' sermon the week before—were outstanding in the minor parts of Alonzo and Gonzalo.

The Light Programme's *Focus on Marriage Guidance* again achieved the mild horror for which this series is celebrated. Sobbing wives were faded out and in, doors slammed as loudly as ever in *A Doll's House*, and after a "psychologist" had been allowed a muffled eighty seconds, a voice aiming at confidence and cheer but achieving only jauntiness, announced that it would now sum up. A subject of this sort requires severer treatment and a better bedside manner.

The Last Days of Hitler was a grim *memento mori* with which to begin the year. But, at its particular level, few big radio opportunities can ever have been better taken than this one.

MICHAEL INNES

THE MOVIES

"Fifty Years," at Studio Two
"A Handful of Rice," at Studio One
"The Story of a Ring," at the Academy
"The Cure for Love," at the Odeon, Leicester Square

WHY is it that news so rarely registers on the screen? It comes late, you will say. So also does Mr. Alistair Cooke on the air or in the *Guardian*, but that doesn't prevent him from soaring. And a Churchill memoir comes later still. News, surely, is anything that strikes fresh, and what pains the ten-minute newsreel has usually taken to avoid that! Ever seen a goal scored or a ship launched? Or Royalty smile, or Mr. Bevin ponderously sign, or Christmas turkeys after it's all over? Winner of the Melbourne Derby? There's a thrill for you! Almost the only thing that can jog these "news flashes" out of their habitude is a catastrophe or the weather. I remember from the past year one fascinating record of a new volcano erupting in the Canaries; though even that appeared, I believe, outside the newsreels. When, this week, for want of a good film to fasten on, I stepped into Studio One to see what had been made of *Fifty Years*, there was a notice on the screen instructing patrons that the house was theirs for a quiet hour's rest, and that anyone disturbing it should be reported instantly to the management. *Fifty Years*, when it came round, had been reduced to a sedative ten minutes.

With the news squeezed out of newsreels, one looks for it elsewhere: principally in *This Modern Age* (its current mass-observation of English holidays is a fair sample), and in such documentaries as ride the slump. These latter, it must be admitted, are at the moment rarely enthralling. At Studio One forty minutes of Siamese peasant life and at the Academy some twenty minutes about a pair of storks come to liven the eye glazed by a poor "feature," and though neither piece could be described as well made or satisfying, in both for stretches the camera has done its work ably and found scenes and incidents worth looking at.

The Siamese couple in *A Handful of Rice* are duly wedded, escorted out of the village to retrieve their own bit of jungle, and we watch them build a house of palms, plant a rice patch, tread the bucket-chain to water it, and trap a tiger. Best of all, in the teak district, the man looks for wages as a mahout and the elephants at work and play steal the picture. There were really two films to be made here, one of the marriage and rice-growing, and the other of the elephant squad; strung together, they make an uneven but interesting film—the fruit, by the way, of a Swedish expedition to Northern Siam.

The storks in *The Story of a Ring* suffer also because their camera-hunters—Russians in this case—have not been content with two storks but have thrown in odds and ends about a gull colony, and the use of rings, and even the Nazi attack on the Ukraine. The storks themselves have a beautiful mild dignity as they stalk over the snow or float on wide wings spread at the ends like fingers, and weather and place are more subtly evoked than in the other piece.

And so to the flatly imaginary. What is the cure for love? Marriage. This dazzling chestnut provides the title and the point (if there is a point) for Mr. Robert Donat's appearance as producer-director-actor. An artificial stage-play has been made into a film that reeks both of the stage and the studio. Lancashire accents, however true, can't bring this working-class imbroglio to life, and as a garping sergeant on leave who has got himself engaged to a howling bitch and loves a sweet one, Mr. Donat garps only too well.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

British Watercolours, at the Arts Council

Before the collection goes on tour to Newcastle, Swansea, Exeter and Sheffield, the Arts Council is exhibiting (at its own gallery at 4 St. James's Square) watercolours and drawings belonging to Mr. Gilbert Davis. Mr. Davis's whole collection runs to hundreds; there are only eighty here, ranging from 1750 to 1850, and the rigorous selection has been made by the owner himself. Almost every picture is outstanding either in quality, or in peculiar interest. Thus the one Cotman has nothing of the browns and buffs of his most familiar drawings—it is a showy and glittering composition, with a golden Hôtel de Ville against an azure sky; and the one Birket Foster, a lively pencil drawing of Florian's in Venice with the curves of the women's figures and dresses echoing the curves of the domes, invites us to scale up our opinion of this too soft and pretty colourist. Of the two Turners, one is a shimmering Grand Canal, the other a firmly designed landscape; Samuel Palmer is represented by a characteristic rural scene, and by an uncharacteristically free wash drawing of trees. There are two classic Girtins, a Rowlandson in his lyrical rather than boisterous mood, a mountain Towne that proclaims itself across the room, an austere, impressive Lear of a cliff on Paxos, and an "Enchanted Castle" by John Martin, with a Spenserian quality of romance. Less well-known artists seen here to advantage are Thomas Daniell, W. H. Hunt (a most attractive "Westminster Schoolboy"), George Barret, John White Abbot. An exhibition of watercolours as good as this is like an eye-bath, sharpening and freshening the vision: a good preparation to contemplation of the Blake that hangs in the ante-room—the magnificent "Circle of the Life of Man", lately discovered in a junk-heap.

"Beauty and the Beast" at the Mercury

If such a fairy tale as this is to come alive on stage or screen, it must be brought somehow into relationship either with real people or with the content of contemporary thought. Retaining a medieval setting, Jean Cocteau played a trick with time by importing into his film a haunting thread of split personality *motif* in the Beast. Mr. Gray, whose quite admirable version of *Beauty and the Beast* should pack the little Notting Hill theatre for weeks, has rejected morbid psychology; he has invoked the absent-mindedness of a Wizard (played by Hugh Pryse with an authentic Lewis Carroll touch) and thus contrived that the pity and terror of this story of the changed prince shall impinge on an Early Victorian household. And how enchantingly the Mercury players present this family of the day before yesterday—Mr. Clement, whose beefy John Bullishness is so rudely shaken by the impingement of magic; two adorable "sillies," Jessamine and Jonqueline; and a Beauty whose honeyed voice would have turned any beast into a man. To Donald Finlay, Jill Raymond, June Rodney and Carol Marsh high praise is due for performances that never once go off key. John Byron is all that a Beast should be to wring the sympathetic heart; and direction and *décor*—by Mary Morris and Joan Jefferson Farjeon—are impeccable within the limits of the Mercury's small stage. Finally, lest it be thought that this production is a delight primarily to the "accompanying" grown-ups, let it be added that the Wizard has a nephew in the shape of an engagingly impertinent young dragon.

French Landscape Drawings and Prints, at the British Museum

As a pendant to the French Landscape Exhibition at Burlington House, the British Museum is currently showing some of its finest French drawings—a magnificent display which no serious visitor to the exhibition in Piccadilly should miss. Here too the selection is rich in Claudes, though there is only one genuine Poussin. In these deceptively simple studies it is possible to get amazingly close to the painters' vision, for the grand manner has been left

behind in the studio. These are nature notes, direct observations, not researches for formulæ which will represent Nature in some standardised or easy way. Claude's pictures are redolent with the authenticity of them. (Contrast the feathery tree formulæ which Corot frequently stooped to in his middle period or the conventions which repeat themselves mechanically in Graham Sutherland's microcosms of Nature.) Nearly every drawing by Claude and Poussin is a different faithful rendering of trees, of water, of distant hills or undergrowth; such diversity is all the more of an achievement within the limits of an almost Japanese economy. Eighteenth-century masters are less well represented, but a superb *sanguine* drawing of a tree, attributed to Lancret, a magnificently theatrical watercolour *Fantastic Architecture under an Arch* by Thomas de Thomon and a Boucher *pastorale* are outstanding. Among nineteenth-century works there is Bonington's beautiful and celebrated Paris *Institut* (he was not included at Burlington House) and a fine Guys park scene. A curiosity is Victor Hugo's Doréesque *Castle*. This excellent show ends with some Cézannes (unfortunately facsimiles) and items by Utrillo and Bonnard.

Correspondence

WHAT YOUNG MEN WANT TO KNOW

SIR,—I can't claim to be one of the young men Joad is anxious to enlighten as to First and Last Things. Nevertheless I am, in my eighty-first year, as eager to get at the truth about them as ever I was, so I read his sermon with hopeful interest, and in one way I found it rewarding. His arguments are so ingenious, their cleverness is so skilfully camouflaged by his bland conjuror's patter—"Quite easy, you see: all done by a turn of the wrist"; he exhibits so positive a genius for the kind of advocacy in which Jesuit fathers specialise, that Farm-street seems to be his ultimate, inevitable destination.

Elementary though it may be—as elementary as his macedoine of Paleyism, Teleology and Fundamentalist assertions—I do want to point out how he has evaded every difficulty inherent in his reasoning.

His God is a personal deity but he does not glance at the relation between God and Nature. About Nature we know a great deal. Not everything, but enough to convince us that its laws are, in general, just, merciless, and easy to learn. If fathers eat sour grapes, the children's teeth are set on edge, and so on. But at times Nature seems, either because we cannot understand or shrink from some of its laws, to be careless or cruel, wiping out or causing pain to vast numbers of the creatures it has brought into being.

Not only by convulsions such as earthquakes, tidal waves, volcanic eruptions, famines, mysterious diseases, but by the extermination of (for example) the thousands of beetles I have seen dead or dying on Swiss mountain paths in spring; the salmon in Canadian rivers, of whom hundreds of thousands leap ashore; the birds that are frozen or starved whenever we have a spell of wintry weather. Are these acts of Joad's deity? If so, can he be called a loving father? If not, can he be called almighty?

Man has always been, when he reached a certain stage of intellectual audacity, "Nature's Rebel Son," as Ray Lankester called him. Joad's young man is, I suggest, entitled to know whether this means rebellion against God, or whether God is a sort of referee, watching the fight between Man and Nature with impersonal unconcern.

Joad is defending the Christian scheme, but no one knows what it is. The teaching of Jesus we understand and most of us agree that he put the gospel of comradeship into more compelling poetic form than any other teacher before him or since. Of this Joad makes no mention. Yet I should have thought this aspect of the religion called after Jesus, though invented actually by St. Paul, would appeal to the young with greater force than the ancient folk-tales, the Assyrian cosmology, the Byzantine mysticism, the Alexandrine philosophy, the Jewish eschatology, the Mithraism, which formed the basis of Christianity as we know it.

Next Joad leaves aside, after declaring that "we must postulate some kind of Creator," the very obvious lack of design for the benefit of human beings and the numerous ills that have afflicted our race since it ceased to go on four legs and stood upright. Our insides, being now arranged vertically instead of horizontally, are liable to all sorts of ailments; our noses and throats give frequent trouble. If God arranged for Man to change his posture, why didn't he alter our internal organs to suit the change?

A reply often made to this credits God with a design which we cannot with our weak intellects comprehend. Perhaps these and other evils are "sent to try us." Anyway it is "impious to challenge divine wisdom." That, I take it, would be Joad's answer. But what the young want to know is why God left us to grope about after his intentions instead of making them clear so that we could recognise his fatherly kindness and strive to do his will. Browning in *Fears and Scruples* put this point with his usual vigour. What if God is "playing tricks with us"? he asked.

> Peeping hide-and-seek behind the shutters?
> Mean your eye should pierce through solid bricks?

When Somerset Maugham was young (his mind is young still) he wrote:

> I'm glad I don't believe in God. When I look at the misery of the world and its bitterness, I think that no belief could be more ignoble.

That was written forty-nine years ago. Misery and bitterness undreamed of then have poured upon the world. The young have far more reason now to agree with Maugham's reflection in 1941 on "the indifferent job God had made in the creation of a human being," and with his doubt whether Man is not a "grotesque mischance."

That doubt, that reflection will not be dissipated by merely clever argument about details put forward by men who are determined to leave the big central aspects of the matter undiscussed. What all the young who have thought freely want to know is: did God endow Man with intellect, the only attribute which makes him differ from all other species, and why, if God did that, has intellect been of so little service to Man?

HAMILTON FYFE

TEACHERS' SALARIES

SIR,—The perennial controversy about the relative values and teaching abilities of graduates and the non-graduate products of the two-year training colleges and the emergency training colleges is sterile and irrelevant. Of course there are good and indifferent products of each type of training, just as there are good and mediocre doctors, dentists, architects and journalists.

What is much more to the point is that teaching at certain age-levels and intelligence-levels, and higher technical training generally, require graduate qualification and that graduates are not being attracted into teaching as they were before the war.

The facts cannot be disputed: the number of graduate teachers has increased, but so has the number of pupils in the schools, especially the the number of pupils in the higher forms of the grammar schools. The percentage of graduate (and graduate equivalent) to non-graduate teachers in secondary schools of all types (grammar, modern and technical) has declined. In the grammar schools and technical colleges the present staffing position in some subjects is so grave as to threaten the whole basis of professional training. Local education authorities in the main do not even seek a graduate qualification for the staffs of their secondary modern schools.

There is a mass of evidence from headmasters and headmistresses, principals of technical colleges and the secretaries of university appointments bureaux that experienced graduate teachers are leaving the schools not merely for educational administration but for industry, commerce, the civil service and the new national boards and corporations, and that the best boys and girls in the sixth forms of the grammar schools are increasingly reluctant to contemplate a teaching career. Two examples will illustrate the trends. The Principal of Cardiff Technical College explaining recent loss of staff, stated that a teacher at £385 a year had left for a four-figure post in the National Health Service. The Headmaster of the Northampton Grammar School stated that during

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BY A GROUP OF LABOUR M.P.s*

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the last five years not one boy from the three main Northamptonshire grammar schools had gone to a university to read mathematics or science with a view to teaching.

The cause is quite clear: graduates who teach are under a severe financial disability. Their real salaries have fallen markedly since 1939 (before taxation), and the relative position of teaching among the graduate professions has declined sharply.

This is a situation to which the informed public cannot afford to be indifferent. The supply of adequately qualified teachers is an essential condition of national progress. That supply is threatened, and will continue to be threatened as long as the disparity between graduate teachers' salaries and professional remuneration generally persists.

Graduate Teachers' Association, 157-159 Abbey House, Westminster, S.W.1. J. WARREN, *Secretary*

THE VILLAGE

SIR,—I read with much interest Nigel Harvey's articles on "The Village" but I cannot follow him in one particular aspect of his summing-up. He agrees that village life is freer and more spacious; he agrees that the farm worker's conditions have improved. But he says his status has not changed and "the labourer is still a labourer."

I was annoyed to hear a Parliamentary colleague declare in debate: "Once a farm worker, always a farm worker." What did she expect him to become? A chimney sweep, or the village blacksmith? We talk about the dignity of labour. What about the dignity of food production from the fields of Britain? Even in a Socialist society we find we still have to have the scavenger, and we shall need the farm workers for many years to come.

The statements to which I have referred are well-meant sentiment. My friends want a ladder of advancement for the farm worker, but opportunities for advancement in farming are few. A worker may one day become a farm foreman, a bailiff, a farm manager. He may one day become a smallholder under the Labour Government's excellent scheme. But the majority of the farms of this country are small and the only people on them are the actual food producers. In any case I hope agriculture will never become as top heavy as industry. What we have to do in these critical days is not to decry the absence of glittering prizes on the farm but to encourage the workers in their day-to-day occupation. Theirs is a worth-while job, a vitally necessary job. We should raise our hats to the fine fellows on the fields who, despite the elements, the dirt, the hard manual work, the disappointments, eventually produce that which is the basis of life itself. They used to be subject to every economic wind that blew, but the Labour Government and the Union have now saved them from that.

Hasn't the status of the farm worker changed? His economic position to-day bears no comparison with that of a few years ago, and his conditions of employment have improved beyond recognition. His social standing to-day is equal to that of the townsman. He is no longer in a class apart. The Government completed the change when it brought him into the social security scheme on exactly the same basis as the industrial worker.

Go into any village to-day on a holiday or a Sunday, and you cannot distinguish the young farm worker from the rest of the village community. He has advanced educationally. This Union will be taking some scores of young farm workers to Bournemouth during January to attend a Winter School, and in their endeavour to make themselves more useful to the Union, they will receive tuition along lines that some young townsmen have not yet tackled. Our educational work goes on in most counties throughout the year, but they can only have a week's schooling in the winter when work on the farms is slack.

Among our over 200,000 members are county aldermen and councillors, district and parish councillors, school managers, etc. They serve on Government committees. They sit with their boss on the magisterial bench. Among recent appointments to the bench of my native county of Norfolk were six of our branch secretaries. A few years ago, if we wanted to talk to a Minister, we made our way to Whitehall. Of late there have been many occasions when Ministers have come to see us at our Union Offices. Recently we welcomed three at one meeting—the Lord President of the Council, the Minister of Agriculture and the Minister of Health.

The farm worker has not yet reached the end of his programme of requirements, but he's gone a long way. And the public thinks a lot of him to-day because they want what he produces. They, at least, have given him a new status.

E. G. GOOCH,
National Union of Agricultural Workers, President
Wymondham, Norfolk.

THE SNATCH-BACK

SIR,—Mr. Benn Levy's article "The Snatch-Back" is a welcome contribution to the problem in which all Child Welfare Societies have been interested in the past few months. It was evident that the welfare of the child was of paramount importance to everyone concerned: it was, however, on the methods of ensuring this that differences of opinion arose.

It is well known to experienced welfare workers, and so often forgotten by laymen, that a child's best opportunity for happy and normal development is usually among members of its own family; in this environment, when it is no longer a baby, it is least likely to fall short of expectations. No material benefits can entirely compensate for the loss of its own mother.

No suggestion has, as far as I know, ever been made that the identity of the adopters should be revealed to the mother: the general consent clause, as it was at first framed, opened the door to "baby-farming," by enabling a young mother to sign away her responsibilities at a critical moment, without the assurance that they would be assumed by any specific person. No way has as yet been devised of making certain that a "responsible" Society will be called upon to carry out this task.

Even more emphatically would the "snatch-back" be repudiated. Is it possible that Mr. Benn Levy is confusing a principle with a fact? The principle that a baby should never be placed for adoption until the mother has had time to consider and discuss this final break, with the fact that only too often is she urged to "rehabilitate" herself and give her child security by placing it for adoption at a tender age? In these cases a mother frequently does assert her right to reclaim her child later on.

For many years doctors, psychologists, social workers and others have devoted time and thought to ensure that the illegitimate child should be unhampered by the circumstances of its birth; there is no easy way out and no one method of bringing security to these children. Adoption does not solve their problems although it can provide an admirable substitute for their own family background; at its best it can bring great happiness to the child and to the adopting parents. But it must be recognised that the unmarried mother can, and very often does, keep her child. Whether she subsequently marries or not, she frequently succeeds in providing a good social background with the affection that she is best able to give.

Recent legislation has ensured that no unmarried mother need remain unbefriended. Local Authorities and Voluntary Organisations co-operate throughout the country towards this end. Our final need is for a deeper understanding of the problem by the general public; we must be grateful to Mr. Benn Levy for helping us in our task by stimulating discussion.

ISABELLE H. GRANGER,
General Secretary
National Council for the Unmarried Mother and Her Child,
21 Coram Street, W.C.1.

BULGARIAN TRIALS

SIR,—Surely the whole tragedy of the current series of Titoist heresy trials is that both Archibald Robertson and "Critic" are partly right. Mr. Pritt's thesis may be a nauseating one, but evidence seems strongly to suggest that the majority of both Trotsky-ist and Titoist deviationists did in fact commit the offences with which they were charged. At the same time the offenders, from Bukharin to Kostov, all had strong grounds for acting as they did, and are only

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historically condemned because they were unsuccessful. The question as to the defendants' objective "guilt" or "innocence" is thus meaningless, and Mr. Robertson presumably only stresses it for dialectical purposes—their real crime in his eyes is that they questioned the general's orders in a "military operation."

The impasse underlines the weakness of authoritarian Socialism in requiring the liquidation of many of its hitherto most useful supporters—who may be to posterity logically and historically justified. Mr. Robertson should face the fact that many Socialists (not all of them traitors to their movement) hold that Kremlin policy has taken the wrong turning, and is leading in Russia to the permanent dictatorship of a clique rather than a class, whose connection with the proletariat of classical Marxism is not readily apparent; and in Europe to the domination of all other Communist parties by a big brother who tends to use them as mere power-units in a cold war for which Russian policy is itself partly responsible.

Lacking any but a subversive outlet for criticism, what can Communists do if they happen sincerely to hold that the present phase of Kremlin policy is disastrous? Perhaps one might be pardoned for suggesting that Mr. Robertson reads (not, one hopes, for the first time) *Darkness at Noon*.

Exeter College, Oxford. D. E. UNDERDOWN

MIRACLE IN BATLHAROS

SIR,—With reference to your article "Miracle in Batlharos" in your issue of December 17th, I should like to thank you for your sympathy with what truly can be termed a miracle in our days.

However, there are one or two points which call for comment in the report from your correspondent. It is not right to say that the Nationalist Government has removed its grant, because the Ordinance of the Provincial Administration of the Cape Province (No. 18, 1946) came into effect *before* the Nationalist Government came to power. In accordance with that Ordinance, grants of 50 per cent. for maintenance are still paid. The trouble is that mission hospitals are treated as private hospitals, i.e., hospitals run for private gain. The grant of 50 per cent. is hopelessly inadequate and creates a vicious circle—the more Government gives the more has to be found locally or by the Church in England and by Societies like our own, acting as servant to that Church. The Government never removed its grant but, like our income tax, the grant is based on last year's calculations. If too much is given this year it will be deducted from next year; but meanwhile, because it is a hospital in a sub-economic area, the money has been spent. This refers to all the mission hospitals in the Cape Province and creates an impossible situation which each of them is having to fight out with the Provincial authorities.

MARY GELL,
Medical Missions Secretary
Society for the Propagation of the
Gospel in Foreign Parts,
15 Tufton Street, S.W.1.

[We have received from readers several cheques and inquiries about methods of aiding the Hospital at Batlharos. Dr. Gell, to whom the cheques are being sent, has kindly consented to deal with any future inquiries.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

MR. CUBE

SIR,—In your issue of December 24th, Critic says that "Lord Lyle has decided that we must take Mr. Cube or lump it."

Almost every grocer in the country takes a proportion of his sugar in one or two cwt. bags and packs it on his own premises. Quite apart from this, however, Tate & Lyle do only 53 per cent. of the sugar consumption in the country. It is only the war-time control of zoning which prevents people getting the sugar that they want. People living in districts not supplied by Tate & Lyle complain because they cannot get our packets. Sugar is the only rationed article sold by grocers which is still subject to zoning. Surely it is time for this control to be removed.

Plantation House, PETER RUNGE,
Mincing Lane, Director, Tate & Lyle, Ltd.
London, E.C.3.

THE BREAK IN THE CLOUDS

SIR,—I regret that, in the unsigned article, "The Break in the Clouds", THE NEW STATESMAN should, for the second time, give publicity to the false report that Russia was to blame for failing to make use of the Marshall Plan and for refusing to allow Eastern Europe to profit by it. On the first occasion, in response to my protest, you admitted that the Harvard speech was preceded by Mr. Marshall's warning that no Communist government and no government containing any Communists would be eligible for any American aid. With regard to the charge that Russia refused to allow Eastern Europe to benefit by the Plan, you should be aware that Mr. Kingsley Martin stated at the time that Jan Masaryk had informed him, in an interview, that no pressure whatsoever had been exercised by Russia on Czechoslovakia in this matter. F. O'HANLON

St. Michael's, Hayling Rise,
Worthing.

[Reference to this letter is made by Critic in "A London Diary" this week.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

LADY HAMILTON

SIR,—In his review of *Letters from Lord Nelson*, selected by Geoffrey Rawson, Mr. Ralph Partridge asks "But did Lady Hamilton love him?"

Even though her letters to Nelson are either burnt or lost, there are letters from her to others which suggest great affection for him. May I quote two of them? The first is undated, though the date can be approximately seen from its contents. A few words which I was unable to read have been replaced by dots: the pagination is shown.

1. To Alexander Davison Esq.,
King's Bench.

I got a letter from my ever Dear Beloved Nelson last night dated Jan^{y} 29th going through the . . . of Messina with a brisk wind He says He is after the French fleet that I shall have cause to glory in Him What ever may be the . . . and that I am all to Him in this World and God all mighty knows He [end of page] is all to me I can think of only Him I live only by His . . . in his absence God spare him to us I have been so Low spirited these several days that I know not what to do Today Mrs Bolton and we are all . . . to morrow we go to dear Merton God bless you ever your

affectionate
Emma Hamilton.

The second letter, also undated, is written on black-edged paper:

2. To Alexander Davison Esqr

How are you to night my Dear Sir—I have been very ill all day my Heart Broken and my Head Consequently weak from the agitations I suffer—I tell you Truly—I am gone nor do I wish to Live—He that I loved more then Life He is gone why then [end of page] should I live or wish to Live I Lived but for Him all now is a dreary prospect before me never lamented the loss of a Kingdom (for I was Queen of Naples) *for seven years;* nor one sigh ever escaped me for the loss I sustained when I fell from such a height of greateness and Happiness [end of page] all Naples is misery and wretchedness —but all I cou'd have sustained with firmness but the loss of Nelson under this dreadfull weight that I suffer I feel and Hope that I shall not be long after Him—nothing gives me a gleam of comfort but the Hope that I shall soon follow [end of page] Why shou'd I make you melancholy Their fore I will only say nothing is arrived which gives the Earl the *hanging* fidgets and my indignation rises of Him that ought to feel I love Lady Nelson she does shew bowels *not the vicountess* she never *felt* in her life Shall I see you tomorrow if any thing comes I will let you know but nothing can come to give [end of page] Comfort to me in his Grave all my Happiness is burried—ever my dear Sir your

afflicted but gratefull
Emma.

I was able to consult the originals in a private library in Bavaria this year, but I only copied a few of the letters, supposing that they were already known.

The Savile Club, W.1. EUSTACE B. WARRING

"MILITARY ATTACHÉ IN MOSCOW"

SIR,—I am sorry if I was a bit rough in my treatment of General Hilton's book, especially as, personally, I have nothing but the friendliest recollections of the General. Nor do I deny for a moment that he was treated by the Soviet authorities in a most disgusting way. He had every reason to be furious. But *Military Attaché in Moscow*, with all its errors and distortions, is, I am sorry to say, not a serious contribution to our knowledge of Russia. Russia to-day is too big and too serious a subject for all of us to be treated with levity; it deserves to be closely and factually studied; and hostile "impressionistic" little books like General Hilton's are, in my humble opinion, just as worthless to-day as favourable, but equally "impressionistic" little books like Mr. Lundberg's, which I reviewed for your journal some months ago. If I "sneered" at General Hilton, I also "sneered" at Mr. Lundberg. This will, I hope, help to convince General Hilton that, even though I may know rather more about Marxist theory than he, I am not necessarily, for that reason, "making a good living out of Communism"!

Paris. ALEXANDER WERTH

FREUD

SIR,—In the final quotation I made in my review of Helen Walker Puner's *Freud*, the printer has omitted the dots . . . between the first and second printed sentences to show that a sentence from her text was omitted. Ordinarily this would seem irrelevant, but since I was in this section discussing omissions and misprints, I think this lapse of punctuation should be made clear. GEOFFREY GORER

INDIA LEAGUE REUNION

SIR,—The India League completes its twenty-first year of work this year, which also coincides with the formal proclamation of the independent Republic of India this month on Independence Day.

A reunion of this large body of people, numbering several hundreds scattered throughout the country, whose labours at different times contributed to the unique character of the work, is possible only with the co-operation of a journal like THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, through whose columns, it is hoped, this announcement will reach such friends and co-workers as it is not possible to inform by letter.

Mr. Krishna Menon, now the official representative of India in this country, but for 18 years the Secretary of the India League, has kindly agreed to be the host at this reunion, which is to take place on Tuesday, January 24th, at the Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Road, London, W.C.1 at 8 p.m. We shall be very grateful for your co-operation in making it a success.

We request all old workers and associates of the India League to send in their names and addresses immediately to the Secretary, 47 Strand, London, W.C.2. BRIDGET TUNNARD,

The India League. *Administrative Secretary*

JOS. WEDGWOOD

SIR,—I am writing a life of Colonel Wedgwood, M.P., (Lord Wedgwood) and should be very grateful if anyone who has letters or information likely to be of interest in connection with his life, or various activities, would communicate with me. Any letters sent would be treated with great care and returned in due course.

Leith Hill Place, C. V. WEDGWOOD
Dorking.

CATS

SIR,—J. R. Ackerley's statement in your issue of December 31st that cats "have only one face," recalls a Chinese student I once knew who asserted the same of Europeans. It was, he said, difficult to tell them apart. The explanation was that he didn't know much about Europeans. I suspect that J. R. Ackerley doesn't know much about cats. MARY STOCKS

Westfield Cottage,
N.W.3.

Books in General

Fun in English literature is as regular as muffins; the honest bell rings in the sad fog of the London Sunday and we stir ingenuously between one indigestion and the next, in our drowsy chairs. Poke the fire, bring in the tea, and soon, if we cannot be gay, we shall be cheery. But folly is rare. High-voiced, light-headed, dangerous and abashing, it flocks in its own mad air, just beyond the reach of our hands. Congreve, Peacock have it now and then, Hood has a little, Lear, Lewis Carroll, Wilde and Beerbohm play with this brilliant and tragic froth. It is for the few writers with missing hearts, whose clown eyes and enlarged ears live for themselves alone; the comfort and normality of fun are alien to it. Like wit, folly is the child of the collision, the smash-up; its laugh is heard just as the last pane of glass goes out of the window and the first groans are heard. Something fatally damaged has to be feverishly replaced; an intolerable vacuum must be filled; a gag must plug the awful abeyance. We feel this at the ballet, the most foolish and cruel of the arts; maimed in the power of speech and ordinary sense, human beings are reduced to what is automatic in them, to what can go on without a pulse, to the passive madness and the poetry of self-parody.

To the ballet the reader's eye strays when he is reading the wild satires and fairy tales of Ronald Firbank*—*Valmouth*, *The Flower Beneath the Foot*, *Prancing Nigger*, *The Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli*, *The Artificial Princess*. They are antics in a void left by life, elegies on burst bubbles. They celebrate the unworldliness of the rich, the childishness of aristocracy, the ubiquity of priests, the vim of the sensual life, the venom and the languor of taste and pleasure. They commemorate the comi-tragedy of the superlatives and fashions in which the heart lives and dies a hundred times a day. There are anecdotes in Sir Osbert Sitwell's very funny, very touching and very acute portrait of Ronald Firbank, in the introduction to these novels; in one, it is said that Firbank once sold a Welsh cemetery. In another there is a tremendous purchase of orchids. In another he eats a single pea for lunch. Between the laughter of the macabre and the tears of extravagance, his hair-raising talent wanders, an unattached faculty in a world of its own. In their inexplicable way aesthetes like Firbank—but there have been none, of course, *like* him, for none has his wailing, brain-splitting, peacock laugh—transpose the smash-up of their time more clearly than many a writer whose earnest ear is to the ground. And it is a simple fact that technically Firbank cleared dead wood out of the English novel, in one or two convulsive laughs; laid down the pattern for contemporary dialogue twenty or thirty years ago and discovered the fact of hysterical private humour — the jokes the mind makes and does not communicate. If narrative and speech have speeded up, if we can swing out of one episode into another, without an awful grinding of literary gears, if we can safely let characters speak for themselves and then fail to keep up a conversation, if we can create an emotion by describing something else, it is in part due to Firbank's frantic driving.

Let us grant that Firbank's baroque paradises, his jazz-band kingdoms, his over-heated and flower-stuffed conservatories would have been intolerable if he had been a larger writer, and had not the skids and evasions of startling economy by nature. *Valmouth* is very pretty, but the beautiful note of weariness which has been carefully sounded becomes wearisome itself. The Negress and masseuse is, in action, a boring symbol of a virile culture and has the strictly limited speciality of a homosexual joke. Firbank is an on-and-off writer. One inhales him and it is important not to take too much at a time. Even so, he is tricky; for as one turns the page for the next hilarious breath, the story is over and one is caught with an empty nose. It is not easy to say what the novels are about, though we shall remember surgical sentences and wounding paragraphs by heart. *Prancing Nigger*, the most felt of his books, and one which was originally intended as a kind of documentary study on the unhappy condition of Haiti, can be defined, perhaps, more closely than the rest. Mr. Mouth, the evangelical Negro, and his simple pushing wife with a passion for society, are clearly going to their ruin, unaware that urban, industrialised Haiti is going to wring their hearts out of them; and there is in this book a rumble of indignation which replaces the stylish horror he lets fall in his satires on fashion and chic. A not altogether happy moral note is in this tale, and there is a rather gummy sentence or two about the evils of rootlessness, which are heavy on the tongue of a dandy; one cannot go in for both style *and* morals. But *Prancing Nigger* is made by its warmth and its lyrical pathos; and although Firbank may have made his Negroes sing hymns like

> Time like an ever-rolling stream
> Bears all its sons away

for the lark of it, the sentiment was close to his own sensibility to the transient in life. Time is his subject. He is a poet of the surface of life and the writers who can feather a surface are rare. The comedy is in the inconsequence; the poetry in the evanescence; the tragedy in the chill of loneliness and desolation which will suddenly strike in a random word. The element common to all these novels is melancholy: a girl's heart is broken, another's soon will be, fidelity is cut short by a shark and time cheats all these farded ladies who have spent their afternoons pleasantly cheating themselves and others. One follows these untrustworthy Royal Families and randy Princesses from the throne to the barouche, from the assignation to the confessional, through terraces and nunneries, embassies and balconies, lavatories and coronations, simply out of malice, to see egos as lethargic as *foie gras* ("Whenever I go out," the King complained, "I get an impression of raised hats"). Dissociation—we may guess—was the private smash of Firbank's stricken personality. His comic genius rises from the fatality of rarely seeing life steadily and never seeing it whole. It is in bits.

His art is to make stained glass out of the unlikely bits. The famous jokes come from that: "How one's face unbends in a garden." At a death bed: "Her spirit soars: her thoughts are in the Champs Elysées." Of a woman putting her long head out of a box at the opera: "She ought to hatch."

The search for the *mot juste*, disclosed to him the wild territories of the *mot injuste*. A man's kiss has an "unsavoury aroma of tobacco and charcuterie." "Poor Princess! Has anyone the right to look so dying." Or

> Nevertheless some late sirens were only arriving. Conspicuous among these was Catherine (the ideal-questing, God-groping, and insouciant) Countess of Constantine, the aristocratic heroine of the capital, looking half-charmed to be naked and live. Possessing but indifferent powers of conversation—at Tertulias and dinners she seldom shone—it was yet she who had coined that felicitous phrase: *Some men's eyes are sweet to rest in.*

But the word is not always unjust. The satirist of the mannequins turns into the poet, and this line on a broken heart might have come from the affecting Murasaki (perhaps it did: Firbank was a talented collector):

> Such love-blank, and aching void! Like some desolate and empty cave, filled with clouds, so her heart.

The "new" slang: "love-blank"; the dead cliché: "aching void" are not accidents in that sentence. Firbank (one imagines) had the gift of shutting his eyes and testing society with his ears, so that the dead patter which was its soul, and the breathlessness which was its life came over minutely, in crochets and quavers and absurd chords to him like the whine of a tired dance band two floors below. He must have been the first disinterested, clinical listener to the lunacy of conversation, one of the first to notice the date of its sentences, and to telescope the rest.

It is pleasant to have five Firbank novels in one volume, but by the end one has had a surfeit. *The Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli* has a cloying and faded corruption and naughtiness. In general, the brilliant indecencies of Firbank (so wonderfully timed and without the tedium of lascivious lingering) are best when he is not being naughty about the nuns and priests. This kind of joke is wearying, a sort of Catholic convert smut which Firbank (who was a convert) did not escape. The best religious jokes are those in which the religious orders are treated as if they were so many couturiers. The sisters of the Flaming Hood are always welcome. For myself, *The Flower Beneath the Foot*, with its wild account of an African visit to a European court, is the most successful of the satires. It is a sharp salad; and it contains, of course, the superb death-bed scene of the mad Archduchess. At the bedside the Princess is already writing the telegrams announcing the coming death:

> "Poor Lizzie has ceased articulating," she did not think she could improve on that and indeed had written it several times in her most temperamental hand, when the Archduchess had started suddenly cackling about Vienna.
>
> "Sssh Lizzee—I never can write when

* *Five Novels*. By Ronald Firbank. Preface by Osbert Sitwell. *Duckworth*. 18*s*.

people talk"—*Ultra* feminine, she disliked that another—even *in extremis* should absorb all the limelight.

That must be the highest point reached by Firbank's ecstatic love-hate of the elements of excess and rapacity in female character. "A woman, a cobra." That is melodramatically homosexual.

It is a surprise that so much of Firbank has survived from the Twenties, but as he is totally unreal and Fashion is eternal, he is dateless, though one can see that his freakishness may be despised and its décor become a bore. There is a force of feeling, scattered in his works, which recalls the ambiguous emotions we meet in John Betjeman's poems, and which gives his absurd world a wild vitality and determination of its own. His absolute originality, as well as his technical brilliance, seem to make his survival as a minor treasure, inevitable. A virtuoso, he is the natural victim of mode; flimsier than Carroll, he does not create a memorable character except, possibly, Mr. Mouth. Firbank's survival will be, one would say, like his work, on and off. It is the strength of detail that counts in writers like this; the taste—if that can outlast a generation—for a certain tone of voice, breathless, snobbish, frightening and full of malice. Unlike Max Beerbohm he is the incumbent of a fundamental literary innocence. In life, a hermit almost speechless, helplessly gesticulating, a bizarre and feather-headed traveller unable to communicate, Firbank would be found sitting among the silliest illustrated papers, "getting ideas" from them, and seeing life—by some alarming but beneficent deprivation—flat and without perspective. Of our contemporary satirists he alone had the traditional quality of total artifice.

V. S. PRITCHETT

RICH MAN, POOR MAN

Cloak of Charity: Studies of Eighteenth Century Philanthropy. By BETSY RODGERS. *Methuen.* 16s.

"The history of charity," says Mrs. Rodgers, "is the history of the changes which have occurred in the attitude of the rich towards the poor." That is nearly true, as far as British history during the past three centuries is concerned, though it has to be interpreted elastically, because a number of the leaders of charitable movements, and many more of the active workers in them, have been rich only in a very qualified sense. The history of the "better" classes towards their "inferiors" would be perhaps a more accurate phrase; but Mrs. Rodgers's approach serves well enough for the period with which she is chiefly dealing—the second half of the eighteenth and the early years of the nineteenth century. This is of course a period that has already been written about a good deal, both in special studies and more generally in the books of Mr. Kirkman Gray and, most notably, in the Hammonds' *Town Labourer*. Mrs. Rodgers's method is to take a number of outstanding figures and to weave round them the story of the movements with which they had most to do. In her easily written chapters she introduces the reader in succession to Captain Coram of the Foundling Hospital, Jonas Hanway of the "climbing boys" agitation, John Howard the indefatigable prison and hospital reformer, Robert Raikes and his Sunday Schools, Sarah Trimmer, who wrote *The Oeconomy of Charity* and promoted Schools of Industry, Hannah More and her Mendip Schools and *Cheap Repository Tracts* (featuring the too-good-to-be-true village carpenter, Will Chip), and finally the anti-slave-trade trio Granville Sharp, Thomas Clarkson, and William Wilberforce.

This list is enough to show that Mrs. Rodgers is content to travel over ground already trodden by many feet. For the reader who knows his stuff she has nothing new to tell, though she may serve to bring to mind facts and passages that, even on renewed reading, still take the breath away. Hers is essentially a popular presentation, gathered from familiar sources, and meant for those who shun the mostly forbidding mass of once widely read writing on which it is based. Taken as that, it is not at all ill done, though I could wish it had been more clearly related to the changes in social attitude that occurred during the generations of which she is writing, as well as to the more obvious differences between then and now.

There still lurk in the interstices of our social system a good many charities, the outcome of bequests from long-dead philanthropists, founded on the ancient models Mrs. Rodgers describes. It is high time many of them were cleaned up, as Lord Beveridge showed in his recent study of *Voluntary Action*. But they are survivals; and in general the mood has changed more than once since the days of Hannah More and her numerous charitable friends and correspondents. It had changed long before the Victorian successors of the eighteenth-century philanthropists set up the Charity Organisation Society and established case-work on a scientific basis; and to-day the Charity Organisation Society, in its new dress as the Family Welfare Association, has moved a very long way from the ideas of its founders. The atmosphere of the Welfare State, with Social Security, as its slogan is quite remarkably different from that of the eighteenth century, when "the rich man in his castle" had no doubt at all that his "rights" took absolute precedence over the claims of "the poor man at his gate," or that God, in enjoining charity, had laid it down as a condition that the poor, in return, should demean themselves humbly and contentedly before their betters.

Among many good titbits, in verse and prose, that Mrs. Rodgers disinters for the amusement as well as for the enlightenment of her readers, there is none better than the following sample of the working of the Divine Law, as understood in an age somewhat short of social statistics. The author is that nice, but morally determined, schoolmarm, Mrs. Sarah Trimmer, and she is speaking of the sad decline in popular observance of the Lord's Day:

> They take unnecessary journeys; they make parties on the water; they go to alehouses; they play at a variety of games, and commit many other sins . . . it frequently happens that the Almighty withdraws his Providence from horsemen, drivers, rowers, drunkards and gamesters, and they lose their lives in consequence of their irregularities on Sunday. Sometimes a whole boat-ful of Sabbath-breakers go to the bottom of a river together, and are all drowned—others are thrown from horses—others get bad fevers in consequence of over-heating themselves—which accidents would not have happened if they had been keeping the Sabbath-day holy.

Not all the philanthropists of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries were killjoys—though in respect of poor people's amusements the vast majority were. But nearly all of them believed it their duty to throw in a strong dose of religion with every ounce of relief and to combine a nearly incredible reforming severity with their crumbs of comfort. Moreover, after 1789 at any rate, the Christian motive of charity got more and more mixed up with the insurance motive of anti-revolutionary propaganda and with the strong suppression of every kind of "rebellious" behaviour on the part of the poor. This is not true of such men as Clarkson; but it made Wilberforce couple his zeal for African slaves with the most repressive attitude to "factory slaves" in England, and Hannah More, who was often denounced as being dangerously advanced, always ready to smell out the Jacobin in any poor person who did not do exactly what she ordered. Yet most of these philanthropists were undoubtedly good people and devout Christians according to their lights; and even their bad "good works," as Mrs. Rodgers brings out, often led on balance to undoubtedly beneficent effects. They were children of their time, as we are; and they had, one and all, a sublime conviction of being in the Almighty's confidence, which is rare in an age advancing towards a more equalitarian attitude.

G. D. H. COLE

THE SPECULATIVE MARXIST

Further Studies in a Dying Culture. By CHRISTOPHER CAUDWELL. *Bodley Head.* 8s. 6d.

Christopher Caudwell, who was killed in 1937 in his thirtieth year, fighting for the Spanish Republic, had already at that time, in the three or four years of his independent literary activity, made himself a reputation for the range and the speculative daring of his studies in the Marxist interpretation of contemporary art, thought, and action. In five long essays, in this book, he deals with five great subjects: religion, aesthetics, history, psychology, philosophy. The sheer ambition of the project, in our own more hesitant decade, must take the breath away; and Caudwell certainly does chance his hand. Yet behind even the rashest of his generalisations, there is something that must be respected, a burning need to see the world as one; in our time, more than in Donne's, "'tis all in pieces, all coherence gone," and a passion for coherence gives this book its moral and intellectual dignity.

It is hard to convey, even in the most summary fashion, Caudwell's main drift. One of his chief criticisms, however, of our middle-class modes of thinking is precisely that we do not care enough for coherence, that we are content to do our thinking in compartments. When I am moralising, I think of man as free and rational; when I am psychologising, I think of him as the theatre of warring unconscious impulses; when I am compiling statistics, he becomes an instance of the law of averages, a creature of mass predictable habit. Thus I have three different ways, for instance, of explaining why a man is run over by a car; he made a moral or rational error in not looking about him properly; he yielded to a subconscious death-wish; and he was one of a number of people who have to be killed on the roads, each year, in any case. We do not allow such separate insights to interpenetrate. If we did, according to Caudwell, the clash of contradictory assumptions would force us towards a more consistent and comprehensive, in fact towards the Marxist, view of the world. The *bourgeois*, in fact, thinks in terms abstracted from relations; but the instrument of Marxist thinking is the living social relation that grasps its terms at both ends, man the subject and nature the object, and makes them impinge on, colour, and alter each other. The *bourgeois* forgets this relation; so his thinking is tied down to one term or the other, to a pure subjectivism that makes the world unreal (Sartre's type of atheist existentialism might be an example) or an abstract objectivism, a mechanical materialism that makes the self unreal (like, for instance, Watson's Behaviourism). He is left with a scheme of values that have no reality, or of realities that have no value. The Marxist, on the other hand, according to Caudwell, since he thinks of the world in terms of enveloping and dynamic relations, is able to grasp it in a concrete, vital way.

Caudwell brings this point out very clearly in his excellent essay on aesthetics. There, he says, only an awareness of the living social relation can save us from one or the other of two unsatisfactory positions—the subjective materialism of such writers as Dr. Richards, which makes "beauty" a mere projection of an inner psychological (and ultimately physiological) balance, and the objective idealism which makes every beautiful object a mere voucher of Beauty as such. The common man has an obstinate

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feeling that beauty is in some sense really *in* the object (as heat, for him, for instance, is really in the fire) and there Caudwell is on his side. I find beauty in things as I find happiness in the self. But beauty is not in the object merely as a voucher from the bank of the ideal: ideal Beauty, a parasitic notion, has denuded the beautiful objects from which it is abstracted of "just that in them which was the source of our delight—their self-hood or individuality." Nor is it the case (and this seems the obvious third alternative, and would perhaps, for instance, be Mr. Herbert Read's theory) that beauty is not ideally but naturally objective, that a beautiful object is a small-scale model which reflects, as it were, the grand rhythms of the extra-human world. A merely, or a purely, natural environment, Caudwell points out, is something we are unacquainted with; our own intrusion into any scene makes it a social scene, and "man sees nature through social spectacles." "Society stands as an active human force" exercised on nature, and in that wide sense (in which our notion of society includes, not is included by, our notion of nature) beauty is a social product. Caudwell adds, in sentences touching because of their confidence and good-will:

> A day may come when man, becoming increasingly conscious of himself, may be able to make happy things, a happy environment, as he makes a beautiful thing. Happiness will then seem to him, like beauty, not in himself but in his environment.

It is rather important to see what this kind of thinking does, and what it fails to do. It certainly enlarges our notions; it perhaps fails to make them more precise. Caudwell relates our aesthetic experience rationally to the general social process, and indeed he relates all our important attitudes and values to that process. "Truth is a social product; it is a particular relation of the individual, *via* society, to the rest of the Universe." For "Truth," there, an indefinite number of other capitalised words could be substituted—Beauty, Loyalty, Reverence, and so on—and the sentence would be equally true, and it would be obvious that it does not define the meanings (or elucidate the ambiguities) of any of these words. The Marxist dialectic has, when compared with more modern modes of thinking, a certain richness and confusion about it, deeply rooted in the Victorian age. Caudwell writes about "Truth" with a capital T as Ruskin, Carlyle, or Newman might; and his use of the word engrosses its whole range of possible meanings—logical consistency, correspondence of a statement with a fact, pragmatic satisfactoriness of an attitude, inner sincerity, trustworthiness, coherent over-all sweep. He is not interested, as modern philosophers mostly are, in making distinctions; but, as Hegel, Marx, and so many great thinkers of the nineteenth century were, in establishing connections over a wide field. His essays have a wonderful panoramic scope; it is when we try to come down to cases, or to isolated instances, that we begin to feel a little uneasy about the efficaciousness of the method. The logical machine seems simply to gulp the awkward gritty particulars up and they vanish away.

Consider, for instance, this sort of thing:

> Jesus evidently also had in mind a "People's Republic" . . . He believed it, however, to be possible within the framework of the existing State. . . . This reformist instead of revolutionary approach was just what secured the death of Christianity.

In poetry, we might perhaps pass this sort of back-projection (though even in poetry—a famous instance is Pound's "Ballad of the Goodly Fere"—its effects tend to be cheap). In serious philosophic thinking, can we, however, possibly tolerate such glib anachronistic guessing as a substitute for the discipline of historical study? (Even as a piece of deliberate anachronism, Caudwell's judgment is not related to its context; the fate of the Spartacists and the Maccabees suggests that if Jesus had been a conscious political revolutionary, he and his disciples would have been bloodily suppressed and never heard of again.) What seems to me dangerous in the Marxist dialectic, as in its Hegelian parent, is its gnosticism; its practical assumption that the whole logic and structure of nature and history are, of necessity, completely transparent to instructed thought. If *bourgeois* thought fails to grasp the world tidily in its entirety, one reason, I would have thought, is that the world is, in fact, not transparent; that it is complicated, plural, and hard to grasp. We cannot really map out the possible paths of knowledge till we have gone to the trouble of exploring them. Caudwell's essays have a splendid range and courage. There are aspects, however, of the liberal tradition—especially its niggling, qualifying, hesitating, defining attitudes—that one would be sorry indeed to surrender wholesale to his eager and honest persuasions.

G. S. FRASER

SCRATCHES ON THE ROCK

The Lascaux Cave Paintings. By FERNAND WINDELS. *Faber.* 42s.

The accidental discovery in 1940 (by some schoolboys) of a hitherto unknown cave near Montignac (Dordogne) containing a series of prehistoric paintings on the rock surfaces has proved to be of first-rate importance. Altamira in Northern Spain still remains the supreme monument for the study of this earliest phase of art—nothing at Lascaux quite comes up to the brilliant sophistication of the Spanish paintings. But the new-found series exhibits all the familiar but astounding qualities of this school of painting (and it is a recognisable *school*, as distinct as the Sung or the Sienese). Indeed, the really surprising thing about the discovery is that it contains no surprises: it confirms all that we know of prehistoric art, and leaves the scholar where he was before—in the dark.

The general public is probably not very much concerned with the finer differences between the Aurignacian and Magdalenian epochs; and whether the paintings are 25,000 years old or 40,000 is not of much significance when we realise that the paintings with which anyone but the scholar is likely to be familiar are less than 1,000 years old. The mind cannot bridge such a gap in concretely imaginable terms. And yet the art as such is not strange—not so strange as Byzantine art, or Negro art, or cubism or surrealism. It is what the public can recognise as a naturalistic art—there is a horse, and there a rhinoceros, and there a deer, all as large as life! But the critic must then point out that although these animals are easily recognisable they nevertheless have their peculiarities. Those horses, for example—definitely Chinese horses of the T'ang or Sung dynasty; definitely not Sir Alfred Munnings's horses; much less Chirico's. Nor are they Uccello's horses, nor rocking-horses from the nursery. To come to the critical point: there are at least three types or degrees of realism—visual realism, which is restricted to what the eye sees from the given point of view; intellectual realism, which represents what we know about an object; and what I would call schematic realism, a visual shorthand note to remind us of the object—to re-arouse the visual image of the object in our minds. The first kind of realism is usually done from direct observation, *en plein air*, and is best represented by the Impressionist movement in painting. The prehistoric paintings are not of that type—could not be, on account of their location in dark and often deep caves. Nor are they of the second kind—they lack perspective, which is the intellectual method of depiction, and they make no attempt to tell us more than the eye can normally see—that bodies have spatial relations, for example. They are poor in detail; they make their effect with a minimum of means, with something not necessarily a symbol (for a symbol need not be and generally is not realistic); with a *schema*, a term which first came into use in connection with children's drawings.

Schemata are of two types, and both are represented at Lascaux. The first type is *summary*—

THE
POLITICAL QUARTERLY

108 pages. January-March 1950

Joint Editors:
LEONARD WOOLF WILLIAM A. ROBSON

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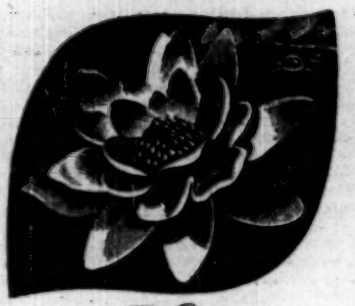

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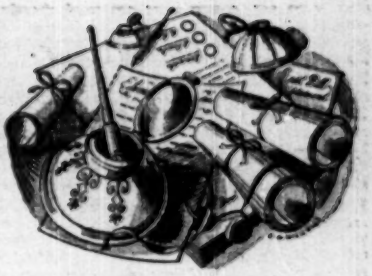

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that is to say, a few lines are used merely to convey the notion of the object. A human being is a rectangle with four lines dangling from it at significant points—perhaps a fifth line if a male is intended. At Lascaux there is only one human figure, and he is represented in this manner. Most children's drawings up to the age of seven are of this type. Not all the prehistoric schemas are identifiable—certain abstract geometrical designs which, when filled in with colour look rather like early abstractions by Ben Nicholson, still puzzle the archaeologists. The Abbé Breuil, the foremost authority on the subject, has suggested that the geometrical designs at Lascaux might be tribal blazons, but this is to make the assumption, for which there is not the slightest evidence, that palaeolithic man was organised into tribes. On the analogy of the Australian *churingas* I would like to suggest that they might be schematic charts of the happy hunting grounds.

The second type of schema is *vitalistic*: it represents, not the notion but the significant action of an object, and is therefore confined to the depiction of living things, above all, animals. The art that uses this type of realism is sometimes called the Animal Style. To it belong all the palaeolithic drawings that are not summary schemata; the art of the Steppes of a later period (Siberian and Scythian art, twelfth to third century B.C.); Chinese art of the same period; the bushman art of South Africa; and the art of most young children between seven and fourteen when not suppressed, distorted or inhibited by education and environmental influences.

The art at Lascaux, at Altamira, and in the other cave sites of N.W. Spain and S.W. France belongs to the childhood of the human race. Prehistoric drawings have their most exact analogy in children's drawings. They are none the less marvellous, aesthetically exciting. But I would suggest that we should exercise caution in attributing to them any elaborate ritualistic significance. They were undoubtedly connected with the chase of animals—there are spears and arrows in plenty, and actual scenes of slaughter. But little girls who hunt (or would like to hunt) draw horses with the same compulsive repetitiveness, and without elaborate rites. Ritual in our modern minds is associated with High Mass, or the Aldershot Tattoo. We had better abandon the word for whatever went on in the caves 25,000 years ago. But magic? That is a much more congenial word, particularly if we bear in mind the kind of magic practised by the only surviving palaeolithic race, the bushmen of Australia. Their Aboriginal Men of High Degree practise childish magic, wishful thinking of a very concrete kind.

It remains to praise Monsieur Wendels's photographs, which are superb; and his text, written in collaboration with Mlle Annette Laming of the Musée de l'Homme, which gives a detailed and coherent account of the paintings. There are 160 plates, eight of them in colour. It is a book which ranges far beyond its immediate object—the description of the Lascaux paintings and engravings; with a preface by Professor C. F. C. Hawkes and an introduction by Professor Leroi-Gourhan, it serves as an admirable survey of the whole subject of prehistoric art.

HERBERT READ

GENIUS IN DECAY

A Victorian Romantic: Dante Gabriel Rossetti. By OSWALD DOUGHTY. *Muller.* 25*s.*

The final estimate of Rossetti cannot be written till unpublished documents become available. Sooner or later we shall see the Kelmscott letters, Ford Madox Brown's Diary and the papers and correspondence still in possession of his descendants. Meantime, Professor Doughty gives us, as a postscript to the centenary year, this "study of the personality of an individual." It would have been a better book had he made up his mind more clearly what kind of biography he was trying to write, and written it at half the length. The heart of the book is an interpretation of Rossetti's relationship with the two women who dominate his poetry and painting. This is acute and frank, and by far the most convincing and fully documented study of the central problem of Rossetti's life. But it is embedded in a mass of material, new and old, collected with a diligence (not always accurate) which too often impedes progress. The volume drags its vast bulk along, from the arrival of the exiled Gabriele Rossetti in England to a final scene by his son's grave in Birchington Churchyard six years after the latter's death. Though the author disclaims any intention of making a critical study of Rossetti's work or of the Pre-Raphaelite achievement in general, inevitably these things enter largely into the picture. And if Rossetti is to be labelled a Victorian Romantic one might expect some estimate of what, in the author's view, Victorian Romanticism is. One scene will illustrate the biographical method and the *tempo* of the narrative.

> All day long he would work at his easel until silence gradually enfolded streets and river, and shadows gathered about the corners of the room, veiling floor and ceiling, pictures and furniture as the light dwindled and the gas lamps in Cheyne Walk sent their pale flicker of flame into the falling dusk. Only then . . . at twilight, when the very colours of his palette faded into the advancing blur of darkness, did Rossetti steal out of the shadowy house to wander by the companioning river, restless, ever questioning, like himself, and, far from the brightness of its source, hastening through greyness and darkness to the unknown.

True, these *scènes pittoresques* are usually well-enough documented, for Professor Doughty is familiar with the vast Pre-Raphaelite literature and unpublished material as well. But once again his methods defeat the student; he quotes and incorporates his documents without indication of their source, and only one as well versed as himself can know when he is being presented with new lamps for old.

Yet with patience and time there are discoveries to be made. Elizabeth Siddall remains an enigma, though there is now no mystery about her tragic end. Was Ruskin's Ida a bright particular star or only the pale shadow of Rossetti's own personality? Of Jane Morris there will be more to know when the love-letters are eventually released for publication. Working without them Professor Doughty follows the growth of passion through an elaborate textual and chronological study of the *House of Life*—and here his work must be the basis of any future edition of the sonnets. He makes it clear that many hitherto associated with Miss Siddall belong in reality to the later Kelmscott period and Mrs. Morris.

On the whole it is a gloomy picture that Professor Doughty paints. The shadows are deepened. Drugs, drink, melancholy, and sharp practice with patrons—in fact genius in decay. But there is another Rossetti; he who could arouse the enthusiasm of younger men from the days of the "Oxford adventure" onwards; he who kept the life-long friendship of Madox Brown, and he of whom Whistler—least tolerant of critics—said, "Rossetti is a king." This is the man who emerges more clearly from the vivid pages of Mrs. Angeli's recent book, and in the end he is the one who matters.

JOHN BRYSON

JOURNAL OF A LEVELLER

Englishmen with Swords. By MONTAGU SLATER. *Bodley Head.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Slater has invented a happy device for bringing life and humanity into historical records. He assumes the character of Gilbert Mabbott, who served with the more famous Clarke under Rushworth in the secretariat of the New Model Army. In his old age Mabbott sorts out the papers he had preserved from the eventful years between the surrender of King Charles to the Scots and his execution, and sets down his recollections in the form of a journal. The substance of the book consists of authentic historical material, most of it from Rushworth's Collection, quoted verbatim. What Mr. Slater supplies in the imaginary journal is background and interpretation. Mabbott gossips pleasantly about Fairfax and Cromwell, Ireton and Lambert and conveys to us successfully what the men of this army thought of their leaders—their affection for "Black Tom" (Fairfax), their admiration for Cromwell, qualified by some suspicion and their distrust of the able but unsympathetic Ireton. The best part of the book is the lively narrative of all that went on in this disciplined yet democratic army, when it took its stand under its selected "Agitators," against the Long Parliament, first of all for its arrears of pay and then for religious liberty and the right to vote. Mr. Slater has a lively visual imagination and paints the scene, when the army had its headquarters at Saffron Walden, with vivid colours. From the Second Civil War onwards Mabbott's story is less intimate and the end is vague. Mab-

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bott is conceived as an average soldier of this revolutionary army, who thought and felt as the mass of his fellows did. He detested the Presbyterians; he admired and trusted "Honest John" Lilburne; at one moment he was for a "levelling" revolution and at the next he submitted fatalistically to his acquired habits of discipline. This is as it should be; the New Model soldier was like that. Lilburne taught him to think, but Cromwell had first taught him to obey.

Whether the real Gilbert Mabbott (a cobbler's son from Nottingham) was in fact this rather simple-minded soldier is a question more easily asked than answered. Mr. Slater for the purposes of his narrative ignores (as he had every right to do) the fact that Mabbott edited the Leveller weekly, the *Moderate*, from the summer of 1648 until its suppression in the autumn of 1649. He was at the same time a licenser of the Press, until he was sacked for his partiality to the Levellers. As Dr. Schenk has pointed out, two hands can be distinguished in the editorials of this pioneer among Left-wing weeklies. One quotes Aristotle and writes well in a rather schoolmasterly style. The other is terse, ironical and bitter. Which was Mabbott, who shall say? He seems to have tired of his Levelling and his idealism in his later years, for through Monk's influence he got a comfortable job after the Restoration. The Mabbott Mr. Slater has invented was a good companion, who knew how to tell a story. A more stirring story who could wish to tell?

H. N. BRAILSFORD

Maps and Map Makers. By R. V. TOOLEY. *Batsford.* 30s.

This is a collector's handbook, rather than a book to be collected for its own sake. It does contain a large number of highly agreeable reproductions of old maps, but its great value is bibliographical. It is the first really extensive *catalogue raisonné* in its subject, and there must be a small number of readers for whom it would have been the only choice of a seasonable gift at Christmas. It ranges from Ptolemy to the Greenwich meridian, and there is a miscellany of interesting facts about the chief pride of English cartography, the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century county maps which hang in the hall of every vicarage and week-end cottage, whether in the form of locally acquired original prints or of the British Museum reproductions of especially Christopher Saxton.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Opera. GOUNOD: *Faust* (Noré/Rico/Bourdin/Geori-Boué, etc./Chorus/RPO/Beecham. DB9422-37. Auto only). The time has passed when it was pointful to be sniffy about this opera. Admittedly it is very uneven, and the vein of saccharine religiosity which runs through the work is distasteful to most people outside France. Seldom can music have more thoroughly misinterpreted the source of its inspiration. But if we refrain from thinking of Goethe, how much there is to enjoy! The mellifluous opening scene, the innocent gaiety of the Kermesse, the death of Valentine—above all the Third Act, in which Gounod's lyrical gift expands naturally, charmingly, without a hint of the false sentiment that disfigures so much of the opera. And the final scene? Well, at least we must admit that great singers have never failed to wrest a triumph from its obvious pages. The new recording is virtually complete, the only cuts (apart from a few repetitions) being Valentine's air, usually known as *Dio possente* (written as an afterthought for Sir Charles Santley), and Siebel's second air, *Si le bonheur* (Act IV). The set has considerable virtues and some very annoying faults, of which the worst is the Marguerite of Mme Geori-Boué. Though capable and steady, this singer's voice is thin, piercing and wholly without charm. The Mephisto, Roger Rico, has a fine voice but conveys throughout an impression of Father Christmas. The recording shows many signs of haste in the making: the balance is constantly shifting, and though at times very good, on the whole favours the singers at the expense of the orchestra. On the other hand, Georges Noré, as Faust, is magnificent; if only he had remade the side where he goes flat on a most important note (high A in "Laisse-moi contempler ton visage"—Act III), one could have nothing but praise for his assumption—a truly heroic one. Some of the minor roles are very well sung, and the chorus and orchestra are uniformly excellent. It is unfortunate that the set is obtainable only in automatic couplings, for this rules out selective buying, and in the four discs issued separately the choice of passages is eccentric to the point of madness: not a note of the Garden Scene—no Jewel Song, no love duet—not even the Finale of the opera!

Symphony. HAYDN: No. 104 in D major ("London"). (LPO/Kripa. AX287-9.) Haydn's last symphony (and last of the "London" series) receives an authoritative performance, superior in most respects to the 1946 Dobrowen issue, except in the Andante, which Krips elects to take Allegretto. The recording is very sour to begin with: it improves, but not enough. On the whole I am inclined to prefer the old Beecham set to either of the more recent ones.

Concertos. BEETHOVEN: No. 5, E flat major ("Emperor"). (Curzon/LPO/Szell. AX282-6) The exact opposite of a routine performance. It is profoundly satisfactory to be able to feel the care with which every phrase of this concerto, the balance within the movements, and of the movements themselves in the whole, have been thought out. Wonderful, the *stealthiness* of Clifford Curzon's transition to the Finale; and the statement of the Rondo theme, in which the semiquavers are nearly always slurred, is for once crystal-clear. The recording is very good, but the disc surfaces are too heavy for comfort. The issue wins on points, but owners of the fine Schnabel set need not feel absolutely obliged to make the exchange. BEETHOVEN: *Romance* in G No. 1 Op 40 (Varga/Philharmonia/Bernard. DX1615). A very laborious performance, unpleasantly recorded. The piece itself may not be the equal of *Romance* No. 2 in F, but it need not sound ungainly or sentimental. MENDELSSOHN: Violin Concerto (Heifetz/RPO/Beecham. DB6956-8). (Campoli/LPO/Van Beinum. AX290-2). The Heifetz/Beecham performance seems to me typical of the mechanised efficiency which the modern world has put in the place of individual intelligence and feeling. The outlying movements are taken at a reckless speed which precludes all subtlety of phrasing, and, except in the Andante, Heifetz skates nonchalantly over the surface of the music. Campoli's performance is at the opposite pole, and if he had not played the Andante rather too prosaically, I should not hesitate to pronounce his set in every respect the better. It is certainly closer to the spirit of the work; but readers ought, I think, to give themselves the opportunity of judging these two sets.

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RACHMANINOFF: First Piano Concerto, F sharp minor, Op 1 (Moiseiwitsch/Philharmonia/Sargent. C3932-4). A splendid issue. Rachmaninoff's own set, though not yet deleted, is execrably recorded and I cannot see that Moiseiwitsch plays the solo very much less brilliantly than the composer himself. His statement of the Andante theme is slightly muddled, but elsewhere his performance is in beautiful style. The balance and recording are outstandingly good. In this concerto, which was drastically revised in 1917, Rachmaninoff expressed himself much more tersely than in Nos. 2 and 3, and although the derivation from Tchaikovsky is very clear, the work is disarming in its romantic enthusiasm.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. HANDEL: Royal Fireworks Music (Trans. Harty) (LPO/Boult. DB6968-9). Though he phrases it beautifully, Sir Adrian seems to me to take the lovely Siciliana at a harmful speed. The recording is fuzzy and lacking in top. Altogether inferior to the Sargent set (Col) which is exceedingly vivid. BERLIOZ: *Romeo and Juliet—Queen Mab Scherzo* (Paris Conservatoire/Münch. X281). A magical performance, magically recorded. Though it scarcely moves out of a pianissimo shimmer—like the visible heat over a field in high summer—pretty well everything in the score can be distinctly heard. A triumph for all concerned. BORODIN: Nocturne for Strings (Philharmonia/Sargent. DX1618). An affectionate performance, excellently recorded. I do not think this charming piece gains by being transferred from the original string quartet version to a string orchestra: the texture becomes too lush and the effect is disconcertingly vulgar. STRAUSS, Johann: *Morgenblätter* (Morning Papers), Waltz (Vienna Phil/Böhm. C3938). A great improvement on the recent issue, by the same forces, of *Rosen aus dem Süden*. *Morning Papers* (what a title for a waltz!) is less crudely scored and therefore comes off better in recording.

Chamber Music and Piano. SCHUBERT: String Quartet, G major, Op 168 (Hungarian Qt. DB9331-5. Auto only.) A rather cold and un-Schubertian rendering of this moody but fascinating work. The Hungarian Quartet play as if they didn't much care for the music. The recording, though not quite of the best quality, is good; but the Busch Quartet version, also available in the H.M.V. Special List, is said (between you and me I have not heard it) to be well recorded and very much more authentically played. MOZART: Piano Sonata, A major, K331 (Backhaus. DB6810-11). I have no comment to make on this set, beyond observing that it presents the same offensive qualities as Backhaus's recording of Bach's *Italian* Concerto.

Vocal. WAGNER: *Tristan and Isolde*—Love Duet, Act II (Traubel/Ralf/Glaz/Metropolitan Orch/Busch. LX1243-4). Apart from the old Bayreuth set, which can still be procured with some trouble, this is the only available recording of the passage stretching from "O sink hernieder" to the irruption of King Mark. I wish I could recommend it, but really the recording is too poor. No doubt the performance itself had good qualities; but the balance is hopeless, Torsten Ralf sounds as if he were hiding in the bushes, no attempt has been made to remove Brangaene to a proper distance, and the orchestral detail goes for nothing. HAYDN: *The Creation*—"Auf starkem Fittige" (On mighty pens) (Seefried/Vienna Phil/Krips. LX1245). A very pretty record, charmingly sung; but it is probable that Haydn intended a rather more robust type of singing than Mme Seefried has seen fit (or is able) to give us. DONIZETTI: *L'Elisir d'amore*—"Prendi; prendi, per me sei libero"; VERDI: *Rigoletto*—"Tutte le feste" (Carosio/Orch/Erede. DB6867). There are some beautiful things in this record, notably in the *Rigoletto* aria and in the orchestral playing throughout. Mme Carosio goes badly flat at the end of "Prendi: prendi," and there is some distortion of the louder passages in both arias; but on the whole the disc is to be recommended. BRAHMS: Two Songs for contralto with viola obbligato, Op 91: *Gestillte Sehnsucht* and *Geist-*

liches Wiegenlied (Ferrier/Gilbert/Spurr. K2289). In the first of these lovely, serene melodies Miss Ferrier gives a disappointingly tentative, unfelt performance; and the tempo is uncomfortably fast (presumably in order to fit the song on to one side). In *Geistliches Wiegenlied* she seems more at home. The obbligato viola is rather clumsily played and does not blend with the voice part. Recording good. BEETHOVEN: *In questa tomba oscura*; HANDEL: *Berenice*—Air de Demetrio (Souzay/Paris Conservatoire/Lindenburg. K2290). Gérard Souzay is to be warmly congratulated on his rendering of *In questa tomba*. If heavily or emphatically delivered, this song can be merely dismal; by using a delicate and veiled, but perfectly clear, tone, M. Souzay gives it the quality of mystery it needs to make it come alive. In the air from *Berenice*, on the other hand, the divisions are not quite accurate. HANDEL: *Judas Maccabaeus*—"Sound an alarm"; *Samson*—"Why does the God of Israel sleep" (Booth/Orch/Robinson. C3939). The aria from *Samson* is new to the gramophone: it is a fine thing and well sung. Mr. Booth's "Sound an alarm" seems to me inferior to that of Heddle Nash, which is still available. SCHUMANN: *Herzeleid*, Op 107, No. 1; CHOPIN: *Mädchenwunsch* (Helga Mott/Moore. Collector's Corner, 211 Shaftesbury Avenue. JH134). Another welcome coupling from this intelligent and sensitive soprano. The Schumann song, a description of Ophelia at the edge of the brook, is little known but extremely touching. *Mädchenwunsch* is perhaps the most often heard of Chopin's songs: Mme Mott sings it in a delicate and sprightly manner that reminds us of Elena Gerhardt. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,038

Set by Macdonald Hastings

Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to write an epitaph of not more than 20 lines on the late *Strand Magazine*. Entries by January 17th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,035

Set by Norman MacKenzie

In his Writer's Notebook, page 267, Somerset Maugham tells the following story and confesses that he was unable to find a satisfying end to it. Two men work on a remote tea plantation. When, at long intervals, the mail arrives, "A" always receives a bundle of letters, but "B" never gets one. Envious of "A," "B" offers him five pounds for a letter from the next delivery and, when this arrives, is allowed to pick one of them in exchange for a five pound note. "A" then wants to know what the letter was about; "B" won't tell him: "A" is eventually driven to offering "B" his fiver back, but "B" refuses, insisting he bought the letter outright. The usual prizes are offered for possible endings to this story, in not more than 200 words. Entries by December 27th.

Report by Norman MacKenzie

If Maugham had managed to complete this story, where would he have put the emphasis? On the tension between "A" and "B"; on the stratagems to which "A" resorts to secure the letter; or on the contents of the letter itself? Competitors played with all three ideas. In most cases "A" is driven to murder. But this is too simple. Allan M. Laing suggested that if "B" permits "A" to read the letter after all the price should be that "B" is allowed to read one of "A"s letters from each delivery, before "A." Others extended this principle to all the mail received by "A." Of the stratagems used by "A" to read the letter, the most ingenious was devised by H. C. Howson, who believes "A" should take legal action against "B," forcing him to produce the letter in court as a relevant document. Derek Barnard suggests that the letter was in French and that "B" was too much of a snob to admit he couldn't read it. Several entries described the contents of the letter as editorial rejection slips or gift subscriptions to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Others placed it as a bill, a circular, or news of an unfaithful wife. The complication that ensued if "B" replied to the letter was foreseen by several entrants; especially the case where the letter was from a girl friend of "A." Some made the letter a move in a chess game—a type in which M. O'C. Walshe was most successful—or a note from home warning "A" that "B" was a homicidal maniac. Choosing the winners was not too difficult; none was outstanding, but those printed below are a fair selection of various types. As the judge could find no satisfying solution himself, he awards a guinea each to Nora Wooster, R. M. Lang, R. B. Browning, Leo Pliatzky, Mervyn Jones and Leslie Johnson.

"A"s obsession to know the contents of the letter increased until he was offering £10, £20, £50 but still "B" stayed obdurate, apparently getting immense pleasure from "A"s irritation and distress. At last "A" could bear it no longer, and one night when "B" was fast asleep, he crept into "B"s room and went through his pockets. In the moonlight the pale blue envelope looked grey and crumpled. "A" glanced round at "B," still soundly asleep, remembering how "B" had chosen it from the pile of mail. He had glanced up from the letters in his hand, his mouth open as though to say something, but then he had thought better of it, and gave a peculiar smile, almost as though he knew "A" would regret his bargain. "I'll have this one," he had said, and pocketed it, handing over the others to "A."

By the time "A" had returned to his own room the letter was out of its envelope. With an almost overwhelming sense of expectancy he sat down by the lamp and read the opening sentence. . . .

"My dear "B". . . ." NORA WOOSTER

Blenkinsop the bachelor had a weekly dinner engagement with Antrobus and his wife Sybil at their bungalow.

Antrobus had become increasingly moody, and was drinking harder.

On the last occasion that the three had dined together the conversation was unbearably monotonous.

"Is it from my solicitors?" pleaded Antrobus, "or from some forgotten schoolfriend?"

Blenkinsop looked at Sybil, who shrugged her shoulders and smiled.

"Well, at least tell me whether it's from a man or woman," he continued querulously.

Ignoring him, Blenkinsop reached for the decanter and poured two extra large whiskies. Antrobus drained his glass in nervous agitation, began to speak, turned the colour of a shark's belly and slumped in his chair, where he lay still.

Within three months Blenkinsop and Sybil were married. He forsook his wooden shack near the river, and moved to the bungalow up-country.

It was on their return from their honeymoon, while Sybil was unpacking his box, that she found the letter.

"It's from the specialist he saw during his last leave," she murmured, skimming quickly through the lines.

". . . cardiac weakness," she read, "but no cause for alarm provided you give up alcohol completely."

R. M. LANG

"B" was getting tired of "A," and the letter offered the chance of a better job nearer Calcutta. "B" therefore applied for the vacancy, saying that the letter had been given to him by "A." "B" was accepted and went to the Chaltral Estate at a greatly increased salary.

The sad part of this story is that "B" was attacked by some miscreants after ten days on the estate, and was badly beaten up. Luckily he was discovered on the same day, and after two months in hospital was sent back to England, where he settled down as correspondent to three Indian newspapers. "B" wrote and told "A" of his duplicity; the latter merely passed the matter off lightly, saying that he would never have accepted the job on the Chaltral Estate because he had had several letters in which the writers had told him that it was a death trap.

R. B. BROWNING

"But I'll give you a chance to get your own back," said Barlow. "When a letter comes for me, you can buy that for a fiver."

"You never get letters," said Andrews.

"You can't tell. I've a rich uncle. One day I may hear he's left me a fortune."

Angrily, Andrews gave up the argument. Nearly a month later he came in and tossed five pounds on the table.

"A letter *has* arrived for you, and I'm buying it."

At first Barlow was incredulous, but Andrews produced the letter, bearing a London postmark and addressed to Barlow. Barlow then maintained that Andrews had arranged for the letter to be sent, but finally, overcome by curiosity, he suggested that each should now have his own letter back. This time Andrews was unyielding, and instead each was left with a letter addressed to the other.

For months there was hostility between them, until Andrews died in an accident on the plantation. Barlow ransacked the dead man's clothes and belongings, but he did not find his letter, either then or later. He was never certain that it wasn't a trick of Andrews', but curiosity tormented him for the rest of his life.

LEO PLIATZKY

"B" sees that the letter is in Dutch. He cannot read a word of it, but he knows that "A," his superior, has been offered a lucrative job in Holland, and assumes that this letter clinches the appointment. Envious, he determines to spoil "A"s chances, and refuses to restore the letter.

Only three months later does he go on leave and get the letter translated by an acquaintance at a Dutch Consulate. It reads:

"Dear Mr. 'A.'—We deeply regret that you feel yourself unable to accept the post offered by this firm. As the vacancy must be filled immediately, we are prepared, on your recommendation, to accept your assistant for it. Please note that we must have an immediate confirmatory telegram, and that he must arrive in Holland by air within the next two weeks."

MERVYN JONES

From "B"s diary: The mail arrived to-day. As usual, a fat bundle for "A" and nothing for me. I held him to our bargain, and he fanned out his letters for all the world as if he were a blasted conjuror with a pack of cards. Like a fool, I immediately grabbed the nearest, and made off like a dog with a bone. But never had dog such a meatless bone, for all I found in the envelope was a printed appeal for funds from an Old Boys' Society. I hadn't even had the sense to pick a letter that *was* a letter. Next time he saw me he asked what was in it. "That's my business," I told him, which seemed to rattle him. Now he has gone so far as to offer me my money back for the letter, but I'm not falling for that. As things are, I shall be able to put on an inscrutable smile whenever he broaches the subject, just to make him think I know something worth while. At last I shall get some relief from his insufferable air of smug superiority. That alone will be cheap at the price.

LESLIE JOHNSON

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is exempted from the provisions of the Control of Employment Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Agricultural or Chemical Microbiology. Salary £750–£950 (Australian) per annum, plus £120 per annum cost-of-living allowance, subject to superannuation contributions. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is February 11, 1950.

UNIVERSITY of South Africa (External Division), Pretoria. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Lecturer in English. It will be expected from the successful applicant to provide tuition to external students by correspondence and such other methods as may be prescribed by the University. The salary scale is £600×£25–£900 plus a temporary cost of living allowance amounting at the moment to £208 p.a. in the case of a married man and £49 for others. Allowance is made for travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is January 21st, 1950.

THE University of Liverpool. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Modern History, at an initial salary of £450 per annum, with allowance for age, experience and qualifications. Candidates should possess special qualifications in naval and maritime history. Applications, stating age, academic qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be received by the undersigned not later than Jan. 21, from whom further particulars of the conditions of appointment may be obtained. Stanley Dumbell, Registrar.

ROYAL Naval College, Greenwich. Lecturer in the English and History Department. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Lecturer in the English and History Department of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, London, S.E.10, in April, 1950, or as soon after as possible. Applicants should possess an Honours degree in one or more of the following subjects: History, English, Economics, Geography, Modern Greats. Their principal interests should be in the affairs of the Modern World; an interest in, e.g. Art, Music, Drama, is also desirable. Previous experience in Schools, Universities, or the Educational branches of the Services, preferably in the Royal Navy, is desirable but not essential. Applicants must be British subjects. The starting salary will be in the range £400 to £650 according to approved post-graduate experience. Advancement to Senior Lecturer (salary range £700—£900) and to higher posts is possible. The appointment carries the benefits of the Federated Superannuation Scheme for Universities. Applications, accompanied by the names of three referees and by a statement of previous experience, should be sent (as soon as possible), to the Director of Studies, R.N. College, Greenwich, S.E.10, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

AUSTRALIAN Broadcasting Commission. Supervisor of Variety. Applications are invited for appointment to the position of Supervisor of Variety, on the Auxiliary Staff of the Victorian Branch of the Commission. Applicants should furnish full details of qualifications particularly in regard to theatrical and broadcasting experience. Applicants should also state full name and age and forward copies only of references. The salary of the position will be subject to negotiation. Preference will be given in terms of the Re-Establishment and Employment Act. Applications should be forwarded to the Chief Personnel Officer, Australian Broadcasting Commission, Box 487, G.P.O., Sydney (Australia), to reach him not later than 2.30 p.m. on Wed., Feb. 1, 1950.

KINGSTON-upon-Hull Education Committee. Regional College of Art and Crafts. Principal: S. H. Hemming, A.R.C.A. (Lond.), F.R.C.A. Required, to commence duty after Easter, 1950, a full-time Head of the Drawing and Painting School. Candidates should be qualified as painters and should have had experience in teaching. Salary: Burnham Technical Scale, Grade I (i.e. £700×£25 to £850 with additional allowances in accordance with the Burnham Technical Scale). Particulars of appointment and application forms (to be returned within 14 days of date of this issue) on receipt of stamped addressed foolscap envelope from the Director of Education, Guildhall, Kingston-upon-Hull.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. Applications are invited for a second Staff Tutor in the Education of Young Children. Initial salary not less than £500, according to qualifications and experience. Nine copies of applications must reach the undersigned (from whom further details should be obtained) not later than February 15, 1950. W. S. Angus, Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

CAPABLE man/woman of high intelligence & integrity, as personal assistant to owner-manager of soundly established London retail radio & electrical business. State age and full particulars of career. Box 4042.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

LIVERPOOL Festival—1951. Appointment of Artistic Director. The Liverpool Festival Society invites applications for the appointment of Artistic Director of the Liverpool Festival, 1951. The Society is prepared to pay a salary up to £3,000 per annum for this appointment but the actual figure will be decided in the light of the qualifications of the person appointed. It is expected that the emphasis of the Festival will be upon music and drama but the Festival may well include opera and ballet and the whole Festival will be held against a background of varied outdoor activities. The person appointed as Artistic Director will not only be required to advise the Society on artistic matters but will also be responsible for the general organisation of the Festival. Forms of application and particulars of the appointment may be obtained from the undersigned and completed application forms should be returned not later than Sat., Jan. 28, 1950. Thomas Alker, Secretary of the Society, Municipal Buildings, Liverpool, 2.

THE Trades Union Congress invites applications for the post of Secretary of the Research and Economic department. Thorough knowledge of economic and political theory essential and actual experience of research work desirable. Salary £700, rising by three annual increments to £850 per annum. Particulars of the appointment and form of application obtainable up to January 16 from Vincent Tewson, C.B.E., M.C., T.U.C., Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

ESSEX Education Committee. Appointment of full-time Deputy Wardens (Women). (1) Chelmsford Central Youth Centre. (2) Chingford Wellington Avenue Youth Centre. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the above posts. Salary: £270 ×£13 to £366 with degree and training allowances as laid down in the Burnham Further Education Report. Application forms may be obtained for post (1) from the Divisional Education Officer, Mid-Essex Division, Springfield Dukes, Springfield Green, Chelmsford, and for post (2) from the Divisional Education Officer, Holly House, High Road, Buckhurst Hill, Essex, and should be returned not later than two weeks from the appearance of this advertisement. D. N. Bungey, Acting Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

AGENTS with drive and initiative with/or commission basis by manufacturers of: A, Buckles. B, Advertising Novelties and Showcards. C, Scholastic Plastic Drawing Instruments. Box 3991.

OXFORD Don's wife (2 children) requires resid. Mother's Help, British/Foreign. Nowell-Smith, 9 Lathbury Rd. Oxford. 58774.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SWISS Foreign Correspondent, 23, French, German, English, Italian, some Spanish; sh./typ., seeks position April. Lab. permit obtainable. Box 3972.

HONOURS B.A. (man, 47), fluent French & German, exp. in International organisation, skg. post requiring initiative. Anything except teaching considered. Box 3944.

LADY, sh./typist, educated, smart appearance, driving experience, seeks position with scope. London. Box 3890.

WHERE TO STAY

BUDE, Cornwall, Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & C. in all rooms. Telephone: Bude 147.

CONNEMARA, Eire. Seaside farmhouse accom. (Aug. booked). Bathrm., garage; recomm. £4 p.w. Nee, Renvyle, Co. Galway.

EARLY Spring holidays for Bird Watchers. Comfortable accommodation, good food in quiet coastal village near Hickling and Horsey nature reserves. Terms moderate. Stannard, Woodbine, Sea Palling, Norfolk.

PENARTH "Vegetarian Home," Rectory Rd. S. Wales coast. Ideal situ. Pleas. hol. resort. Overlkg. sea. Permanent guests. New brochure.

STEANBRIDGE welcomes guests of all nationalities. Restful holidays in quiet Cotswold valley. Beautiful surroundings: Comfortable rooms; home-grown fruit and vegetables; breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel.: Painswick 2312.

DUKE of York, Iddesleigh, Nr. Winkleigh. Small coml. hotel in remote, beautiful part of N. Devon. Fishing/shooting by arrangement. 5½gns. p.w. Hatherleigh 253.

MARKLY Hotel for country house comfort. Holiday or permanent residence. Surrounded by 80 acres parkland. Central heating, log fires. Trains met. Brochure: O. Betten, Rushlake Green, nr. Heathfield, Sussex. R.G. 270.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Johnson & Paget, Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

DUBLIN'S Luxury Licensed Hotel. "The Majestic." Phones in all bedrms., ideal sit., perfect food, mod. terms. Tel. 66421-2.

ST. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina. Sea front, near all attractions. Recently modernised, every comfort. Special winter terms—B.B. 5gns. p.w., full board 4gns. p.w. 'Phone Hastings 5110.

STUDLAND, Dorset. Old-world Guest House, in 12 acres lovely grounds facing sea. Ideal for early Spring holiday. Golf, riding. Booking Easter, Whitsun, Summer. Illus. brochure: BCM/Studland, London, W.C.1.

WHERE TO STAY—*continued*

SWANAGE, Dorset. Vegetarian Guest House 3 mins. sea; H. & C. Brochure: Mr. & Mrs. Golding, "Waverley," 32 Park Rd. 'Phone 2804.

THE Rock Hotel, Porthleven, S. Cornwall. Sea air, warm sunshine, good fare. A.A. recommended. Write for tariff.

COTSWOLD Country Club, Bruckhampton Park, Nr. Cheltenham, for your holidays, honeymoon, or just a break from business. Magnificent mansion with modern luxuries. Excellent food in oak-panelled dining hall. Cocktail Huntsman Bar in the capable hands of "George," the bar steward. Billiards, tennis. Riding from our own stables. H.C. in all rooms. Sprung mattresses. Winter terms 25s. per day, Summer terms 30s. per day. Write for brochure B.

OWNERS of country house with central heating, modern amenities, Riviera climate, give personal attention limited number of guests. Walled gardens, farmery, 3 mins. unspoilt Cornish Bay. Box 4050.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Lovely country house. Every modern convenience. All beds interior sprung. 15 acres grounds. Best cuisine. Among Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Surf-bathing Polzeath. Fishing, hunting. Golf at Rock (St. Enodoc). Open all year. Mildest climate in Britain. Excellent for asthmatics. Spring begins in January here. From 4gns. Port Isaac 234.

MRS. Lawrie, of Homeleigh Farm Guest House, Polperro Road, Looe, Cornwall, has commenced booking for season 1950. Brochure and terms on application.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

UNFURNISHED flat, Hampstead, to be let immediately; 2 large rooms, 1 small. Large kitchen and bathroom. Completely self-contained; newly decorated. Constant hot water, telephone; 6 yrs. lease. £300 p.a. inclusive. Box 4000.

LARGE well furnished room to let. Two divans, basin (h. & c.), cooking facilities. With or without meals. Primrose 4485.

GENUINE comf. home full brd., good food, offered elderly or retired lady or gent. Hampstead Garden Suburb. SPE. 3751.

DIVAN bed-sitting-room overlooking gardens in modern house near Kensington High St. Built-in wardrobe, built-in elec. fire, breakfast griller, divan model, bathrm., hot water. £2 15s. WESTern 9233.

ONE-room flatlet near Westbourne Grove. All amenities. Professional or business lady only. £1 weekly. Box 3974.

TO let: double bed-sit.-rm. Central heating, c.h.w., breakfast, service, lift, use of kitchen. W.2. Box 3809.

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq. W.2. 'Phone BAY 1665. Bsmt. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

COMF. quiet apartments with b'fast 9s. 6d. 1 min. Tube. Mrs. F. Bour, 14 Howitt Rd. London, N.W.3. PRI. 0776.

TO let: Furnished room. Use of bathroom and kitchen. 1st floor. Continental house. Call 6-8 p.m. 24b Roland Gardens, S.W.7.

TWO impecunious Hospital Almoners urgently require unfurnished s.c. flat Central London, 2/3 rooms, bathroom & kitchen. Moderate rent. Box 4036.

CAREFUL yng. tenant req. small pleasant rm., dly. bath, H/stead, 90s. Box 3973.

TEACHER requires furnished flatlet. Usual conveniences. S. Kensington or Victoria area. J. Carr, 3 Greywood Ave. Newcastle-on-Tyne, 4.

WRITER (bachelor) seeks very quiet accommodation London. Some meals and light service. Box 4062.

YOUNG married couple, Cambridge graduates, no children, urgently desire unfurn./furn. flat, cottage or part house in Brentwood or Epping area from April. Box 3989.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

DOCTORS, Dentists, etc. Detached House, quiet road, close Ealing Broadway. Admirably suitable professional and/or domestic occupation. All modern conveniences. Recently redecorated. 7 Bedrms., 1 dressing room, 2 bathrms., 3 large reception., morning rm., Kitchens, refrig. and other accessories. Well-stocked, good-sized garden. Long lease. Low price for quick sale. Box 3572.

PERSONAL

GOOD speech, stage trng., deportment. All exams. Consult an actor, Adrian Harley, late Prince of Wales, Lyric, Hammersmith Theatres, author of "How to Speak" (Pitman), 14 Tavistock Court, W.C.1. EUS. 3466.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap antique furniture: Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex.

FRENCH and German lessons personally or by convesp. Moderate terms. Box 4076.

AUSTRIAN winter sports party leaving January 14 for attractive Tyrolean village; invites few others to join, also later parties Austria and Switzerland. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

RAPID and accurate translations undertaken from & into English, French, German, Span., Portuguese, Rumanian. Scientific & technical work a speciality. Box 3795.

PERSONAL—*continued*

RUTH Hein, Photographer, Children's & Portraiture in your home. Primrose 4505.

AUTHORS with new books in the Spring Lists will need Portraits by John Vickers for Press and Editorial reproduction. An appointment is essential. VIC 4915, 29B Belgrave Rd. S.W.1.

HALL, Leicester Sq., available for plays, films, lectures, classes, rehearsals, dinners, socials, dances. Apply Sec., Asian Inst., 17 Irving St., W.C.2. WHI. 3678.

MENSA is a society for people who are very bright, extremely clever, highly intelligent. Particulars from the Secretary, Upwood House, Caterham, Surrey.

ITALIAN French tuition, conversation. Roberti. Telephone Gladstone 2693.

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VOCATIONAL guidance; marriage guidance; character delineation. Uncertain about your future? Consult J. N. Naylor, 72 George St., W.1. WEL. 5182.

WEEK-END house parties. London dances. For full prog. write/'phone Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. Hol. 5831.

AFRICA at Easter. Join our party leaving London March 31 for Tunisia, visiting Tunis, Carthage, Gabes, Sfax and the edge of the Sahara. 19-day tour, £38 inc. all inclusive. Programme from Ramblers Assoc., 128 (V) West End Lane, N.W.6.

S. F. Grill & Cafe (6 Denman St., Piccadilly Circus), now celebrating 25th Anniversary Year, looks forward to much "happy returning" by customers.

MISCELLANEOUS

ASIAN Institute, for promotion of brotherhood and cultural relations, offers a central meeting place to all Asians in London. Membership also open to Non-Asians interested Asian affairs. Annl. subs. 21s., Students 10s. 6d., with full name, nationality & address, to D. P. Chaudhuri, Sec., 17 Irving St. W.C.2.

AT Last..." Shloer Liquid Apples" (in daily use in the famous Bircher-Benner Clinic in Zurich) is now produced in this country from selected English apples and is acknowledged one of the finest pure unfermented apple juices ever produced; available in leading hotels, restaurants, and from retailers; if unobtainable from your usual supplier send 10/- for one dozen 26-oz. bottles, carriage free. E. L. Michel & Co., Ltd., 415-417 Oxford St., W.1.

LADIES can get the new Ortho Diaphragm from The Streatham Surgical Stores, 231 Streatham High Rd. STR. 2653.

1,000,000 Shilling Fund to help fight organised cruelty to our wild animals. Send yours to Sec. (N.), League Against Cruel Sports, 58 Maddox St., London, W.1.

LEARN Shorthand by February 4 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½d. stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3. Ham 2019. A progressive day school for boys and girls age 5–18. For particulars apply to the Principal.

MALTMAN'S Green, Gerrard's Cross, 20 to 18. Founder: Miss B. Chambers, M.A., Head Mistress, Miss Theo. M. Lowe, M.A. Aim: to develop character and intellect, respect individuality and encourage initiative.

RAYMONT School, Shortlands, Kent. Boys 3–11, Girls 3–18. A few vacancies for weekly or full boards. Apply for prospectus to Mrs. G. Price, Principal. RAV. 3272.

SHARROW Preparatory School for Boys, Haywards Heath, Sussex, can accept one/two boarders for next term. Apply Headmaster.

SCHOLARSHIPS

MONKTON Combe School, nr. Bath. Eight Open Scholarships (2 of £100 & 2 for Music) will be offered next June to boys under 14. Partics. from the Headmaster.

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TYPEWRITING & Duplicating. Plays, Novels, Scripts, Reports, Theses, testimonials expertly typed & attractively presented. Beretun, 91 Priory Rd. N.W.6. MAI. 5391.

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS., Plays, Testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 7 Stone Bldgs., Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2. CHA 7839.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

MERCURY. Par. 5700 Evgs., 6.30. Mats Thurs., Sats., 2.30: "Beauty & the Beast."

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex. M.). Wd. 2.30, St. & Sn. 5 & 8. "The Silver Curlew." Mems.

PLAYERS. Temple Bar 1149. Commencing Dec. 20, "Beauty and the Beast," and "Late Joys." Four weeks only. Members.

UNITY. Opening Jan. 6, "Buster," by Ted Willis. Ass. Mem. 21. 6d. EUS. 5391.

WATERGATE Theatre, 29 Buckingham St., Strand, W.C.2. John Wright's Marionettes in "The Honeybird," a play based on an African legend. With other plays and divertissements. Jan. 10, 14 & 15 at 8 p.m. Matinees Jan. 11-16 inc. TEM. 6261.

QUEEN Mary College French Society presents "Le Voyageur sans Bagage"—Anouilh, on Jan. 25 & 26 at 6.30 p.m., at Toynbee Hall Theatre, E.1. Tickets 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., from Miss Kearney, Queen Mary College, E.1, or at the door.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Sun., Jan. 8th, 7.30. "Goupis Mains Rouges" (A).

HOLBORN Film Society meets 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday of the month. Feb. to May programmes include Potemkin, Intolerance, Fric-Frac, Ox-Bow Incident, Nuit de l'Opera, White Hell of Pitz Palu, Shoulder Arms, &c., &c. Reduced sub. 10s. full membership, 7s. 6d. for either Sunday or Tuesday Soc. Hon. Sec., 34-36 Gray's Inn Rd. W.C.1.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tuesday, 10th, at 7.30, Film Show, six shorts. Evening meal from 6.30. All welcome.

LONDON Film Club: Membership 5s. Next programmes, Jan. 7, Royal Empire Society Theatre, "You Only Live Once" (Lang), "Duck Soup" (Marx Bros.); Jan. 12, Portland Hall, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Particrs., Sec., 14 Forty Lane, Wembley, Middx.

MOZART productions by City Opera Club at Toynbee Hall Th. "Bastien & Bastienne." Jan. 19 & 20 at 7.30. 21st at 2.30. "Titus" Jan. 21, 7.30. Thrs. 3s. & 5s. RIV. 6369 or at Theatre 1 hr. prior performance.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts, Jan. 8, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Philharmonia Quartet; J. Edward Merrett, Frederick Thurston, John Alexandra, Dennis Brain. Haydn G, Op. 54; Debussy St. qrs. Beethoven Septet. Adm. 1s.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. The B.B.C. presents Winter Series, January 9 to 21. Nightly at 7.30 (Sun. day excepted). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (Jan. 9-13 & 17-21), conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, and London Philharmonic Orchestra (Jan. 14); London Symphony Orchestra (Jan. 16), conducted by Basil Cameron. Assistant Conductor: John Hollingsworth. Tickets: Res. 7s. 6d., 6s., 3s. 6d.; unres. 3s. from Hall (Ken. 8212) and Agents. Seasons (Prom.): 12s. from Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2/6, at doors only. Prospectus 1d. (by post 2d.)

I.F.L. New Year Dance, January 7, Paddington Hall, Porchester Rd. W.2. 7-11. Tickets 4s.

JUBILEE Dance, Central London Fabian Society, Sat., Jan. 14, 7.30 p.m., St. Martin's School of Art, 109 Charing X Rd. W.C.2. Fancy dress optional (max. cost of accessories 5s.), theme pref. connected with the Arts. Please note change of venue. Tkts. 4s. from Miss Kris, 43 Windermere Ave., N.3.

ANTON Karas, Evelyn Ippen-Bettina Vernon, will appear at the Viennese Fasching (Dance—Fancy dress optional) of the Anglo-Austrian Society, Jan. 12, 7.30 p.m., Kensington Town Hall. Tickets 7s. 6d. (Students 3s. 6d.). Sec., 139 Kensington High St., W.8.

ROYAL Albert Hall. Folk Dance Festival, 7.30. English, Scottish & Irish Dancers. Unique holiday spectacle. All seats sold Saturday, few left Friday, Jan. 6. 2s.-15s. 6d. Box Office, Royal Albert Hall. KEN. 8212.

EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH Watercolours & Drawings from the Gilbert Davis Collection. The Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Until Jan. 14. Week-days 10-6 (Tu. & Thurs. 10-8). Admission free.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Pottery by Lucie Rie; Blown Glass by F. Lampl. Dec. 16-Jan. 10.

GIMPEL Fils, 50, South Molton St., W.1. MAY. 3720. Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Paintings and new selection of French Lithographs.

THE Little Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Richard Ziegler, Jan. 2-31. 10.30-5.30. Sats. 10.30-12.30.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Props. & Ballet Designs by Eugene Berman, Gouaches of Latin America by Costa, recent pictures by E. Box. Until Jan. 14.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 131/134 New Bond St., W.1. Paintings & Watercolours of Spain by John Minton and Drawings by Leslie Hunter. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

TWENTY, Brook Street. Exhibitions. Paintings by Modern Masters and The Manchester Group.

"FROM Gainsborough to Hitchens" Exhibition of the Howard Bliss Collection of Paintings and Drawings, Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Rt. Hon. John Strachey, M.P., is guest at 1st Fabian pre-Election Lunch. Trafalgar Restaurant (Trof. Square), Mon., Jan. 16. Tickets 4s. 6d., from 11 Dartmouth St. No phone bookings.

I.C.A. Monthly Forum for Discussion. "Comparison between Television and the Film." Chairman: Donald McCulloch. 8 p.m. Tuesday, Jan. 10, at Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Institute of Contemporary Arts members only. (Membership 2gns., students 15s. Details 6 Fitzroy St., W.1.)

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "The Economic Outlook in the United States" will be given by Professor A. H. Hansen, Harvard Univ., at 5 p.m. on Jan. 12, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Adm. free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "The Application of Islamic Law and Customary Law in North Africa" will be given by Professor G. H. Bousquet, Univ. of Algiers, at 5.30 p.m. on Jan. 17 at the School of Oriental and African Studies, Univ. of London, W.C.1. Adm. free, without ticket.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Mon., Jan. 9, 7.30 p.m., N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "Current Trends in American Politics," by David Williams (U.S.A.), Dir., London Bureau of American Union for Democratic Action. 1s. 6d.

J. B. COATES: Existentialism and Personalism. At the Ethical Church, 44 Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2, Sunday, January 8, at 11 a.m.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Jan. 10: 2nd in series on "Ethics and Modern Thought": Geo. B. O'Dell (formerly Editor of "The Standard," U.S.A.). Adm. free.

MINISTER of Supply (G. R. Strauss, M.P.), P. Pollard & Tom Sargant: St. Albans Hall, Golders Green, Jan. 12, 8 p.m.

"VICKY": S. S. Silverman, M.P., Margaret Stewart, F. L. Hirabin & Tom Sargant: Brains Trust, Hendon Town Hall, Jan. 13, 8 p.m.

TYRONE Guthrie on Verdi's "Falstaff" (Sadlers Wells' new production), illustrated by singers from the Opera Co. Tues., Jan. 10, 7.30. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1. Admission free.

THE Wind and the Rain lectures. On Jan. 10, at 8 p.m., at the Ethical Church Hall, Bayswater, W. Gore Allen: "Sigrid Undset" (Chair: Norwegian Ambassador).

SEX Education Socy., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, at 7.30 p.m. on Mon., Jan. 16. Lecture by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B.: "Birth Control Methods—Good and Bad." Adm. 2s. Enquiries with stamped addressed envelope to 36 Devonshire Mews West, W.1. WEL. 7840.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc. Sun., Jan. 8, 7.45, Universal Rest., 169a, Finchley Rd. N.W.3 (nr. Hamp. baths). H. J. Blackham, B.A., "The Right Approach to Marriage."

THE Linguists' Club. 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. January 14, at 6 p.m. M. Loiselet: "Le Vaudeville" (Alliance Française).

MARRIAGE Law and Public Health. An appeal for Bachelor Motherhood and Plural Marriage. Edward A. Wilson, M.D. (non-register). Lecture Hall, 44 Inverness Pl., W.2. Tues., Jan. 17, 7.30. Collection. Also Mar. 21. Bayswater stations Underground. Invalids and sick persons welcomed.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sun. Mtg., 11 a.m. Jan. 8: Professor J. C. Flugel, D.Sc., "Psychology and Ethics." Adm. free.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "Discriminating a Personalist Ethic." Ethical Church, Queensway, Bayswater, Thurs., Jan. 12, at 7.45 p.m.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. Jan. 8: Mind Control.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Swami Ghanananda at Ringway Hall, Thursday, Jan. 12, at 7.30. Dawn of Religion & Philosophy in India and our Materials. All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. S.W.1. Public Mtg. every Wed., 6.30 p.m. Details see Journal "The Middle Way."

MAKE 1950 a year of Peace. Demonstrate with the British Peace Committee, Hyde Park, Sunday, January 8, 3 p.m. Speakers: Lester Hutchinson, M.P., Sybil Morrison, Reg. Birch, Couns. A. Hill, Rev. Bryn Thomas & ors. Followed by a torch-light procession.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE Countess of Listowel personally recommends the Langham Secretarial College for girls wishing to train for work with International Organisations. Parents are invited to write to 50 Fitzroy St., W.1 (Tel. EUSton 5811) for full details of this and other interesting careers.

HOVEL Theatre Studio, 23 St. Ann's Villas, W.11 (SLO. 1640—DAY. 2093). Full stage training—Stanislavsky method. Day and evening classes. Vacancies now. 2 full-time Men's Scholarships available. Apply Sec., 26 Groom Place, S.W.1.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

UNIVERSITY College, London. Free Public Lectures, Spring Term 1950:—Mon., Jan. 16, 23, 30, at 4.30, Prof. R. A. Morton, Biochemistry of Carotenoids. Thurs., Jan. 19, at 5.30, Prof. G. J. Renier, Two Princes of Orange: 1650. Fri., Jan. 20, 27, Feb. 3, 10, at 5.15, Dr. F. Bergel, Aspects of Pharmacological Chemistry. Mon., Jan. 30, at 5.30, Inaugural Lecture by Prof. R. Witthower, The Artist and the Liberal Arts. Thurs., Feb. 2, at 5.30, Prof. R. A. Humphreys, The Fall of the Spanish American Empire. Tues., Feb. 7, 14, 21, at 5.15, Dr. L. C. Thomson, Visual Physiology. Mon., Feb. 20, at 5.30, Inaugural Lecture by Prof. H. C. Darby, Domesday Geography. Thurs., Feb. 23, Mar. 2, 9, at 4.45, Dr. Tudor S. G. Jones, The Peptide Bond in Biochemistry. Thurs., Feb. 23, at 5.30, Inaugural Lecture by Prof. A. H. Smith, "Piers Plowman" and the Pursuit of Poetry. Tues., Feb. 28, Mar. 7, at 5.30, Mr. I. P. Brandberg, Strindberg. Wed., Mar. 1, at 5.30, The Seton Memorial Lecture by The Rev. Prof. M. D. Knowles, Un Novello Pazzo: The Teaching of St. Francis on Religious Obedience and Poverty. Complete list of public lectures from Assistant Secretary, University College, Gower St., W.C.1. (Stamped env. reqd.)

UNIVERSITY College, London. Public Lunch-Hour Lectures on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1.15 to 2 p.m. in the Anatomy Theatre (entrance Gower St.). Admission Free. Jan. 17, Truth, Professor A. J. Ayer. Jan. 19, Thomas Hardy's Women, Professor H. C. Darby. Jan. 24, The Development of Child Guidance, Miss Gertrude H. Keir. Jan. 26, Embryos and Ancestors, Professor G. R. de Beer. Jan. 31, University College, London, and the "Historical School" of Political Economy, Mr. S. T. Bindoff. Feb. 2, The Pharisees, Dr. E. F. Sutcliffe. Feb. 7, Rockets, Dr. C. R. Bailey. Feb. 9, Eggs, Mr. D. R. Newth. Feb. 14, Austrian Comedy, Dr. C. P. Magill. Feb. 16, The Use and Abuse of Statistics, Professor J. B. S. Haldane. Feb. 21, Greek Sophtics and Stoic Dogma, Mr. D. J. Furley. Feb. 23, The Human Thumb, Dr. J. Joseph. Feb. 28, The Man in the Moon: The Middle English Secular Lyric, Dr. G. J. Kane. Mar. 2, Chateaux of the Loire, Mr. R. C. Whitcomber. Mar. 7, A New Chapter of Petrarch's "Trionfi," Professor R. Weiss. Mar. 9, The State and Private Enterprise, Mr. H. Tout. Details of all public lectures from Assistant Secretary, University College, London, Gower St., W.C.1. (Stamped envelope required.)

UNIVERSITY College, London. Faculty of Laws. Free Public Lectures on Current Legal Problems on Thursdays from 5 to 6 p.m., in the Eugenics Theatre (entrance Gower St.): Jan. 19, The Council of Europe, Miss Susan Strange. Jan. 26, The Changed Relation of Landlord and Tenant, Mr. D. Lloyd. Feb. 2, The Law of the Theatre, Mr. E. R. H. Ivamy. Feb. 9, Evolution of the Law of Libel, Mr. R. O'Sullivan, K.C. Feb. 16, The Concept of Marriage in Ancient and Modern Law, Mr. R. Powell. Feb. 23, Anachronisms in Equity, Dr. O. R. Marshall. Mar. 2, Human Rights and the Colour Problem, Mr. L. C. Green. Details of all public lectures and of publication of the above lectures, from Assistant Secretary, University College, London, Gower St., W.C.1. (Stamped envelope required.)

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies, Parliament—a Survey. Course of evening lectures on aspects of British Parliamentary Government. Speakers: L. S. Amery, D. W. Brogan, Sir Gilbert Campion, Sir Cecil Carr, A. L. Goodhart, J. J. Craik Henderson, Sir Arthur Salter, E. C. S. Wade, G. M. Young. Wednesdays, 7.30-9 p.m., January 18-March 22, 1950, at the Senate House, W.C.1. Fee: Course of ten lectures, 15s. Applications and enquiries to Director of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, W.C.1.

MORLEY College. 6 public lectures Tues., 6.45 p.m., beginning Jan. 10, "The Man & His Music"—Purcell, C. P. E. Bach, Berlioz, Mahler, Hindemith, Stravinsky. Speakers: Dennis Arundell, Thurston Dart, John Amis, Norman del Mar, William Glock, Eric Walter White. Course ticket 5s. Details from Secretary, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd. S.E.1.

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by the Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.